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CONTEMPORARY GREAT MEN

RHODES ITO DIAZ

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

Contemporary Great Men

By Albert J. Beveridge

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AND they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh." The dreamer was Joseph, the first great statesman of the Jewish blood; the first of that line of practical and constructive minds which includes Moses and David and Solomon—all of whom were dreamers. This propensity to dream is the first characteristic of every great man. He has an eye for possibilities. He is a dreamer. He beholds the outcome of things; he contrives that outcome; and so is human progress achieved.

The dream that Joseph had been dreaming reveals another and an unpleasant characteristic of great men—the characteristic of the imperial "I," the majestic certainty of his predestined over-lordship which has distinguished every great man. He had dreamed that his sheaf stood erect while the sheaves of his brothers bowed down before it. Even this was not the limit of the audacity of his vision. He also dreamed that the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to him. He was seventeen years old at the time, and the dream which he was then dreaming was that he was one of Nature's masters of men. And so his brothers said, "Come now therefore, and let us slay him."

The three men living to-day (Americans excluded) who have dreamed their dreams and achieved them, and still achieve, are Cecil Rhodes, Porfirio Diaz and Ito Hirodumi. Each of these men has, from the phenomenon of sunset, reasoned out the sunrise. From conditions they have reasoned out possibilities; from raw materials imagined the possible structure; and then, having so imagined, have wrought out their conception. Each of them is a constructor. They are the three great builders of the world at the present time. Created states, established institutions, will be their monuments. The advancement and the safeguarding of civilization will constitute the story of their lives.

Cecil Rhodes's Day Dream of Empire

Cecil Rhodes is the most elemental man to-day in the eye of the world. Men who possessed only a fraction of his creative imagination and his splendid daring afforded the materials out of which the heroes of mythology were made. He has, in less than a lifetime, made certain the authority of his Government over one of the great continents. It all began in a dream—a day dream. It is said of him that when he first secured a little diamond mine he used to sit sorting out the stones, with one eye on his workers, too, but that often he would stop in the midst of his work, his eyes looking off to the far horizon, oblivious, for minutes at a time, to everything around him. Even at that time he saw in imagination the spread of English authority northward from the Cape and southward from the Mediterranean. Even then he knew himself for an agent of civilization, and foresaw what he might achieve.

By the "practical" men to whom he ventured to confide his ideas they were regarded as absurd, impossible. Rhodes was more practical than they. It was a question of foresight. The story of this wonderful man's seizure of Africa for England, of his gigantic enterprises, each sufficient to absorb the energy of a very great man during one entire lifetime, and of the characteristics of greatness which all these reveal, is one of the most fascinating and instructive histories in the annals of human enterprise.

Cecil Rhodes was a dreamer, but he had no illusions. He knew that expansion could be accomplished only by occupying the land over which he asserted English authority. He knew that this meant railways, telegraph companies, the machinery of orderly and civilized government. He knew that the short-sighted British public would not subscribe for shares for a telegraph through the wilderness, or for a railroad over a desert. He knew that the Government, notwithstanding all the enlightenment it had received from experience, would not be led to undertake the expense and difficulties of the administration of government over savage territory, and that the spirit of the Little Englander was still sufficiently potent in Downing Street to render all his dreams nothing but unsubstantial visions, after all. He realized that the immense capital required would have to be supplied by Cecil Rhodes, and Cecil Rhodes had no capital. Any one but a Napoleon, an Alexander, a Peter the Great, a Washington, a Cecil Rhodes would have seen the clear impossibility of his conceptions. To Rhodes this impossibility was merely an obstacle which made his vast plan all the more interesting in the execution. "I must have wealth," he said; "very well, I will get wealth." His little diamond mine could not afford it. It gave enough returns to make him a handsomely rich man in England, but did not afford the imperial revenues necessary for his leviathan undertakings. But other men had diamond mines like his. Companies owned diamond mines like his. If they were all amalgamated? There was the key to the situation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers on Contemporary Great Men. Articles on President Diaz, of Mexico, and Marquis Ito Hirodumi, of Japan, will follow in early numbers.

The Genesis of the Cape to Cairo Railroad

For twenty years Cecil Rhodes devoted himself to amalgamating the diamond interests of South Africa. At the same time he was working along political lines. He saw that Cape Colony must be racially united; and while he amalgamated the mines on the one hand to afford him revenue, on the other hand he amalgamated the Dutch and the English at Cape Colony to have an undivided and indivisible force with which to work northward.

In the mean time he worked northward as rapidly as he could, but when at last preparations were complete he made horizon after horizon the successive boundaries of the swiftly advancing British Empire in South Africa. Griqualand, Bechuanaland, and finally that vast, fertile and golden heart of South Africa itself, Rhodesia—and the British flag was flying from Cape Town to Lake Tanganyika. This is not merely map painting: it is actual occupation. A railroad from Cairo to the Cape? Mad dream! And yet that railroad is actually being built to-day. A telegraph line from the Mediterranean through the length of Africa? Infinite folly! And yet that telegraph line is being constructed. A few years will behold the completion of these two greatest material works of the last quarter of a century—the Rhodes railway and the telegraph lines throughout the length of Africa, and the Siberian Railway from Moscow to Vladivostok, Port Arthur, and Peking itself. The first are the realization of the dream of Cecil Rhodes; the other is the realization of the dream of Peter the Great and, later, of Muravieff. What manner of man is this who has wrought so astonishingly? What are his characteristics? What differentiates him from the mass of men who beheld these conditions, but saw not their logical conclusions? First an enormous energy which looks almost like the energy of intoxication. It is said that Rhodes cannot keep still a moment at a time. He is always at work. Sometimes he is in the saddle for days at a time. One is reminded of the nervous activity of the great Corsican; and like Napoleon, too, Cecil Rhodes has such a confidence in his own idea that only the most powerful influence of self-interest can make him subordinate himself to others. General Gordon said to Rhodes when a young man: "You always contradict me. I never met such a man for his own opinion. You think your views are always right, and every one else's always wrong." But Gordon's statement was inaccurate—Rhodes *knows* that he is right, and *knows* that everybody else is wrong. It is said of one of the two living great constructive railway men in America that, "You have got to agree with him or kill him." Such men as this overturn effete systems and establish better institutions upon their ruins; such men cut canals, launch great expeditions upon the deep, found empires, establish civilization, and make brothers of mankind by bringing nation in contact with nation. They are always unpleasant because they have no time for the pleasing amenities of daily life and social contact. They are about their master's business.

The Son of Destiny in the Council of War

They are perfectly fearless. When the rebellion of the Matabeles occurred in Rhodesia, in 1896, which threatened to cost, was costing, blood and treasure in such quantities that the whole movement was in danger from a reaction of English sentiment (always tender of bloodshed when inconveniently brought to its notice, and always sensitive to a drain on revenues), the military officers laid out an elaborate campaign and put it under way. Rhodes said: "I will settle this myself."

He sent a messenger to the Matabele chiefs, telling them that he was coming to their camp to talk with them about the causes of the rebellion. Two officers accompanied him. He was unarmed; he carried only his riding switch. The two officers had only pocket revolvers. They rode for miles into the hostile country, met the Indunas, and, surrounded by thousands of bloodthirsty and savage warriors, heavily armed, and with the taste of blood already on their lips, this son of destiny calmly sat down in their midst and asked the chiefs the pointed question: "Now what is the matter with you? What do you want?" One after another they detailed the reasons for their uprising; as fast as they would mention a reason, Rhodes would explain or answer it. He did not cajole them, caress them, or flatter them. He simply talked sense to them, and, having showed them the reason of the thing, suddenly exclaimed: "Now I have agreed to what you want that is right; the things that you wanted that are not right I have refused; the things that you have misunderstood I have explained. Now come to the point. Is it peace or war?" It was peace.

The great fatalist arose from the council, waited until his horse was brought, then slowly, very slowly, rode southward again and joined the British forces, the bloody work which they had been brought to do revoked in a few hours by his kingly will. It was Napoleon in the plague hospital or at the bridge of Lodi again; it was Washington at Braddock's defeat or at Monmouth; it was one of those incidents which fill the lives of all great fatalists. One thinks of the Persian quatrain:

> "On two days it steads not to run from thy grave:
> The appointed and the unappointed day;
> On the first neither balm nor physician can save,
> Nor thee on the second the universe slay."

The Method of All the Great Conquerors

The life of Rhodes is full of such daring as this. In the Philippines an American officer of great distinction said, in my hearing, to a civilian who was taking what appeared to be unnecessary risks: "You have put your head into the lion's jaws three or four times, and taken it out, but the jaws will close on you some day." The reply was: "Yes, but he who dares not risk the lion's jaws will never rule the lion."

Two or three times Rhodes's enemies (and what enemies he has!—bitter, malignant, sleepless, determined) have almost brought the Colossus to his knees. After the Jameson raid was a notable example. It was also a notable example of Rhodes's method in an emergency. Even to his friends his life work seemed ruined. "I will go to London—I will face the directors. I will see the Government. I will overwhelm my accusers. I will reëstablish the company's credit." I will—I will, and still again I will. He did—and triumphed.

Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*" is the formula for every great mind that ever conceived a constructive thought, and every great heart that ever dared to execute it. Defeat! Rhodes has been defeated, humbled, humiliated a dozen times, but he never knew it. The world has said: "That is the end of Rhodes;" but it was only the beginning. The troublesome conditions which other men call defeat to Cecil Rhodes have only been merely a condition of larger victory. Defeat! There is no such thing for men like that. Richelieu, old, trembling, with Death's bony hand pulling him down into the grave, on whose crumbling edge he stood, declared: "There is no such word as fail." Disraeli said: "Pshaw, man, nothing is impossible to the mind and will of man." He was mistaken. Nothing is impossible to the mind and will of *some* men. Paul Jones's ship was shot to pieces, on fire, sinking, blood-washed. Glorious fool! That which to the ordinary commander was defeat, death, all but dishonor, to Jones was a condition of necessary victory. He simply *had* to win. So he said, "I have just begun to fight," and climbed over the rail of his enemies' ship and captured her. What could be simpler? That is Rhodes's method, too.

A Man Who Thinks in Terms of Action

He is a great reader of the Bible, and is very impatient of most other literature; it is not condensed enough, not sufficiently to the point for him. Doctor Jameson tells the following story: At the beginning of the Matabele troubles, in 1893, it appeared necessary to Mr. Jameson, who was then the administrator, to strike a bold blow with the force then at hand. He wired Rhodes at Cape Town the whole situation, and asked for instructions. Rhodes telegraphed back this answer: "Read Luke xiv, 31!" One of the great railway men of the world—an American, of course—once said to me: "Mistakes! I think I have made more mistakes than any man alive. But, my dear sir, I pay no attention to them." There is Rhodes over again. You see it is impossible to get these great men differentiated; they are all built on the same pattern—all have the same characteristics. It is only a matter of degree.

His enemies have ridiculed Rhodes's egotism more than any other of his magnificent defects; perhaps they are right. Here are some examples from his speeches, and very fair examples, too:

> "*I* have no hesitation in saying that *I* have every confidence in the future of these territories, and *I* can also state that *I* shall never abandon *my* object. If there was anything that induced *me* to take the position of Prime Minister it was the fact that *I* had resolved in *my* mind that *we* should extend to the Zambesi."

Here are eight personal pronouns or references to himself in less than five lines. Yes, but listen to this:

> "*I* say south of the Zambesi because *I* have discovered that up to there white beings can live, and *wherever in the world white human beings can live that country must inevitably change to a self-governing country.*"

That thought excuses the defect, does it not?

Speaking of the mixture of governments in South Africa—Crown Colony at Natal, Transvaal Republic, territory inhabited by savages, self-governing colony at the Cape, and so on, he says:

> "All this seemed a problem impossible to deal with, but *I* felt that there were keys to every puzzle, and *I* came to the conclusion—and *I* have the courage to challenge any one to deny it—that the key of the puzzle lay in possession of the interior (at that time an unknown quantity). *I* hope that if any of you think *I* am showing a personal egotism, you will excuse it from the fact that in a humble way *I* have been mixed up with the politics of the interior, and *I* contend that this will be in the future connected with the settlement of the South African question."

And so it runs. Too many "I's"; but this follows:

> "For *I* believe that whatever State possesses Bechuanaland and Matabeleland *will ultimately possess South Africa*."

And that thought again excuses the defect.

Take a last illustration:

> "With full affection for the flag *I* have been born under, the flag *I* represent, *I* can understand the feeling of a Republican who has created his independence; but *I* can say fairly that *I* believe that in the future *I* can assimilate this State which *I* have been connected with, with the Cape Colony."

A wilderness of "I's" again. But this, which is the key to that speech, again justified volumes of personal pronouns:

> "The future to *me* is a steady attempt to apply whatever we have in the old portion of South Africa to those newer States which we have obtained—if you will let *me* use the personal pronoun, which *I* have obtained—and wait for the future. For no one will remove *me* from the idea that *the day will come when there will be but one State south of the Zambesi*."

And what a royal spendthrift! Rhodes wanted a telegraph line all the way to Tanganyika. The public would not subscribe for shares. Very well—Rhodes supplied the money himself. He wanted a railroad here or there. The public would not subscribe for shares. Rhodes found the money himself. An expedition was necessary, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars; Rhodes' pocketbook was the exchequer that supplied the funds. And yet he was once denied admission to a public meeting over which he was to preside, as the leading spirit of the continent, not being recognized by the doorkeeper on account of his old clothes, slouch hat and generally unkempt condition.

The Power of Trifles

By William Mathews

THE epigrammatic poet, Edward Young, tells us in one of his satires to

> "Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
> Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
> And trifles life."

To the philosopher who knows that it is only *relatively* that things are large or small there is nothing petty, trivial or unimportant. As the chain of being begins with the animalcule and expands into the mammoth so it is with the chain of events. No act or accident of our lives is insignificant; the most trifling may be the germ of our destiny. Alike in Nature and in life, the most momentous results spring often from seemingly the paltriest causes.

The chalk beds of England are hundreds of feet thick and many miles long. Who piled up these precipitous masses of "the silver-coasted isle"? Billions of animalcules, so infinitesimally small that it has been calculated that ten millions of their dead bodies lie in a cubic inch of space. It is of the shells of these microscopic creatures that a large part of the earth's surface is composed. Nature exhibits no contempt for trifles. It is only by a slight deviation from her general law—the deviation by which water contracts down to the temperature of forty degrees, and then expands until it is frozen—that the earth is made habitable by man. Were it not for this provision, instead of only a crust of ice forming on the surface of a lake or stream the whole body of water would become solid, the ocean itself would be frozen, and life on the earth would be impossible.

"Trifles, light as air," will bring ruin upon a man or a family, and blast the hopes of a kingdom. The vital knot of a man's nervous system is said to be no bigger than a pin's head, yet upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, and upon that hangs the existence of a Cæsar or a Napoleon who shapes the destinies of mankind.

Napoleon, after the fruitless siege of Acre, declared that a grain of sand had upset all his projects. Sallust tells us that a periwinkle led to the capture of Gibraltar. It was a goose that in one age saved Rome from its enemies. It was a hare that once caused its capture. "A chambermaid," says Lord Chesterfield, "has often made a revolution in palaces, which was followed by political revolution in kingdoms; the subtlest diplomacy has sometimes been interrupted by a cough or a sneeze." If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, says Pascal, the condition of the world would have been different.

The recall of Alcibiades from the command of the Greek forces before Syracuse sprang from chance influences, yet but for that event the Greeks might have overrun and made themselves masters of the whole of Southern Europe, and the Roman Empire might never have been founded. Had not Alexander the Great been interrupted for three days in his march on Persia by a sickness caused by a cold bath in the river Cydnus, he would have encountered with his small army the overwhelming host of the enemy in the plains instead of in the narrow passes of Cilicia, and would probably have been defeated instead of winning a momentous victory.

Of all the marvels which history records none more stagger belief than the paltry causes assigned for some of the bloodiest and most protracted wars which have desolated Europe. Such a cause was the circumstance that in the early history of Rome two friends, M. Livius Drusus and Q. Servilius Cæpio, persisted in bidding against each other at an auction for a curious ring. This caused an irreparable breach in the intimacy of the two friends and kindled between them an enmity that contributed largely in its consequences to the breaking out of a war between Rome and her Italian allies in the course of which 300,000 men perished in battle. What could be more insignificant in themselves than the causes of some of the fiercest of modern wars! England and France were made deadly enemies for ages by the simple circumstance that Louis VII cropped his head and shaved his beard. He thus rendered himself disgustful to Eleanor, his Queen, who, but for this, would never have been divorced from him. Her marriage to the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II of England, followed, and through his claims, through this marriage, to the rich French provinces of Poitou and Guienne three centuries of war were incurred that desolated France and cost her three millions of men.

A note warning Cæsar of the conspiracy against his life was put into his hand by Artemidorus on the fatal Ides of March, but he was prevented from reading it by continual salutes and addresses on his way to the Senate, and he died with the means of saving his life in his hand. The shifting of his tent by Octavius Cæsar on the very night when the one he had previously occupied was captured by the forces of Brutus, saved the life of the future emperor and changed the destinies of the world. A violent shower which led Pope Julius II to return to the castle of St. Felix instead of proceeding on his journey saved him when the Chevalier Bayard was on the point of capturing him near Ferrara by surprise. Twice did Clive, the predestined conqueror of India, try to end his own life, and twice did the pistol, although loaded, fail to go off. "Surely," he exclaimed, "I am reserved for something great!" So the gloomy and taciturn Wallenstein's character underwent a complete change after he fell without injury from a great height. Luther, the master-spirit of the Reformation, was turned from the study of the law to a monastic life by a bolt of lightning, which killed a fellow-student by his side; and it was a chance wound, received by a soldier of fortune at the siege of Pampeluna in 1520, that led to the founding of that powerful society, the Order of Jesuits, which arrested the victorious march of the Reformation in more than half of Europe.

Shakespeare, with his profound knowledge of human life, makes some of the most tragic events hinge on the most trifling circumstances. Poor Desdemona's fate hangs on the accidental dropping of a handkerchief. The unhappy deaths of Romeo and Juliet result from the miscarriage of a letter. Wolsey falls from the pinnacle of his glory through one fatal misstep, which not all his deep sagacity can retrieve. The author of the ballad of Lillibullero boasted that he had rhymed James II out of three kingdoms. A grain of sand in the glands of Cromwell changed the fate of England and restored the Stuarts to the throne. Frederick the Great, when almost overwhelmed by the mighty combination of his enemies, was saved by the death at that critical moment of Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, the bitterest of his foes. Had Corsica not been sold by Genoa to France in 1768 Napoleon, who was born only a year afterward, would not have been a French citizen and would not have overturned nearly all the kingdoms of Europe and sacrificed millions of lives. It was a typographical error that gave to his nephew the title of Napoleon III. There was sent to all the Bonapartist adherents throughout France a sort of proclamation with the words: "Let the watch-cry be, Vive Napoleon!!!" The printer mistook the three exclamation points for III, printed the document accordingly and soon the communes were raising the cry for Napoleon III. A series of accidents enabled the wasted and baffled Wolfe to scale the Heights of Abraham and capture Quebec. Had the French sentries—who had been told that provision-boats were to go down the St. Lawrence to Quebec on the night that Wolfe climbed the heights—been informed that Bougainville had countermanded the order; had not Verger, who commanded at the Anse du Foulon, where Wolfe made his ascent, kept careless watch that night and gone to bed; had the battalion of Guienne taken post, as ordered, on the Plains of Abraham, instead of remaining encamped by the St. Charles River, Wolfe would probably not have won his victory and Canada and the Mississippi Valley would then have remained under the crown of France.

An egg is a small thing, yet the egg product of this country has in some years been of double the value of the silver product and far exceeds the value of the product of pig iron. Some of the deadliest diseases spring from causes seemingly insignificant. Will not the scratch of a pin cause lockjaw, and is not a prick by the lancet of a surgeon, which has been used in dissection, fatal to life? Catherine de Medici had a ring with a tiny spring from which, when pressed by the finger, came forth the most deadly poison, and she inhaled death from the petals of a rose. Hannibal carried with him the means of suicide, by which he might escape Roman vengeance, in a drop of poison concealed in a ring.

Perfection in the arts depends upon trifles. The final touches of the pencil or the chisel determine the character of the painting or the statue. A single line beneath the eyes or in the curve of the lips renders the work of the painter or sculptor immortal. The change of a word may destroy the magic of poetry and eloquence. Talleyrand condensed a volume of sarcasm in the transposition of a single letter in an interjection of two letters. He acknowledged a pathetic letter from a friend, announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Oh! madam." When, a few weeks afterward, she wrote again, soliciting his influence for an officer whom she was about to marry, he replied: "Ho! ho! madam." When a person was asked whether a certain lawyer had become rich by his practice—"No," was the reply; "by his practices."

How often does a little thing—a look, a lifting of the eyebrow, a quiver of the lip, a telltale blush, a peculiarity in the handwriting—reveal the hidden secrets of the soul! "In what part of the letter did you discover hesitation?" said a diplomatist to Talleyrand. "In the *n's* and *g's*," was the reply. Robert Hall, who married a servant-girl, was captivated by the way she put coals on the fire.

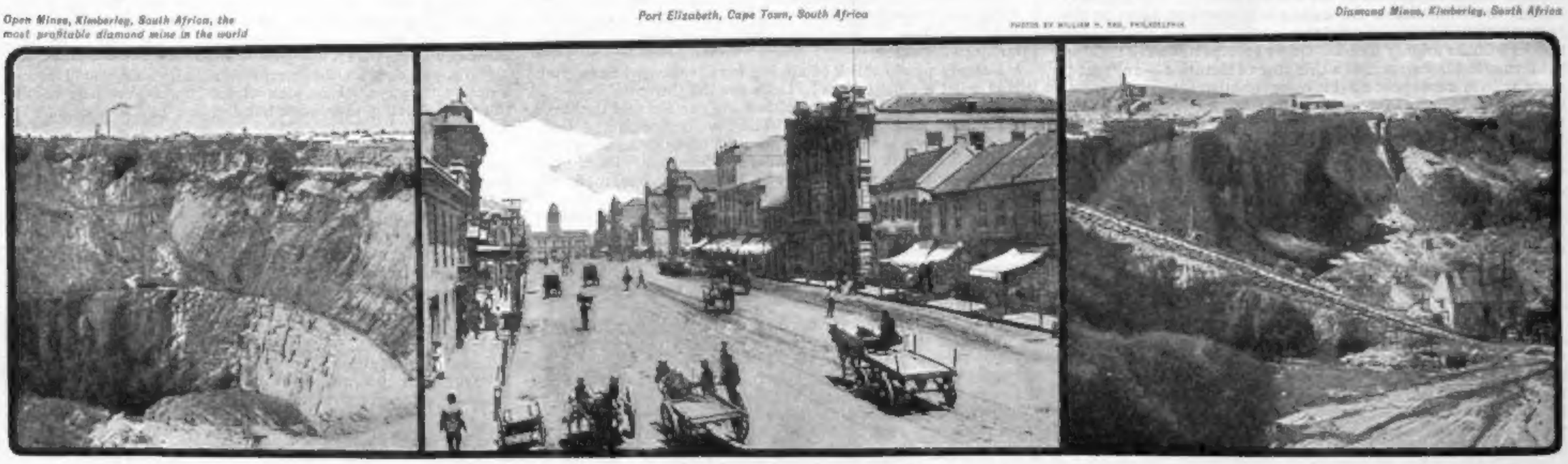
How often has the pettiest and apparently most insignificant circumstance subjected a man to unjust suspicions of guilt, or, again, led to the detection of crime! Horne Tooke, when on trial for high treason, said that he was a miserable victim of two prepositions and a conjunction. How often has the watermark in a sheet of paper or parchment exposed a forgery, and the print of a nail or a foot betrayed a thief or a murderer! How often has the omission or change of a word or letter vitiated a writ, a deed, or a will! The discrepancy between the words "Sheriffs of London" in a capias and "Sheriff of London" in the copy served on the defendant, was declared a fatal variance in an important case. The omission of a single word—"Gloucester"—in the drawing of a will deprived the intended devisee of estates yielding £14,000 a year. How truly has the Autocrat sung:

> "One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt;
> One trivial letter ruins all, left out.
> A knot can choke a felon into clay;
> A knot can save him, spelled without the *k*.
> The smallest word has some unguarded spot,
> And danger lurks in *i* without a dot."

Open Mines, Kimberley, South Africa, the most profitable diamond mine in the world

Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, South Africa

Diamond Mines, Kimberley, South Africa



The inventor — Blowitz — was a sallow-faced fellow

The Gas Machine

By Robert Herrick

THE works of the New Republic Manufacturing Company were housed in one of those plaster-and-lath booths that sprang up during the Fair along the avenues near the Exposition grounds in Jackson Park. After the great Fair had faded into memories they were left to rot, tenanted only by rats or tramps or, occasionally, a new enterprise that could shelter itself nowhere else. The broad sheets of glass in the fronts had been smashed and were replaced by rough boarding. In No. 5710—which was held by the New Republic Company—one of these large windows had escaped destruction. But the sunlight that succeeded in piercing this grimy pane was zealously excluded from the rear half of the wedge-shaped store by a large curtain, that shut off the "works" proper from the profane curiosity of passers-by. The company had moved in early in the summer, having found a quarter interest in a suite of downtown offices too expensive for its treasury. Besides, as Milton J. Andrews, the president of the company, said, "This necessary retrenchment brought them to the vicinity of the Park, which with the attendant suburban repose was *more* conducive to the operations of invention than the push of La Salle Street and insured secrecy to the results obtained." They got the place for a few dollars; it would have been enough rent to pay if they had undertaken to exterminate the vermin. As it was the owner did not pretend to keep the roof water-tight; rubber cloths had to be stretched over the "works" whenever it rained.

"Mighty enterprises," as President Andrews mused, "had ofttimes struggled into existence against similar odds—witness the development of the Pullman car!" Of this successful invention many an example thundered past on the railroad tracks in the rear of the works, shaking the wooden booths with its mighty tread. Other enterprises were making the struggle for existence in this row of shanties—an "art" store with a new process in color photography, an optical instrument factory that gave forth signs of lusty life in the regular *chugh, chugh* from a tiny escape pipe thrust through a broken window, a "hand" laundry that did business by express—not to mention the collection of relics from the World's Fair housed two doors north, or a bicycle agency, or the Greek who sold cracker-jack on the corner. A block south, an entire row of these frame coops was occupied by a Divine Healing Mission—quite the most prosperous business of the quarter.

The location had other advantages besides those of cheapness and quiet. Across the street the great Park stretched away to the blue lake, one soft, undulating carpet of green. To all purposes it was as good as a gentleman's private park, and Milton J. Andrews luxuriated in it on soft summer afternoons, lounging in the one comfortable chair of the establishment in front of the open door. Rarely was this unprogressive method of taking his ease in front of his works disturbed by the dust from the chariot wheels of the rich. For the rich entered the Park from the crowded boulevard, flourished around the lagoons, and whirled out at the other end.

And visitors to the New Republic Company were few. The company had the place, and Stoney Island Avenue too, quite to itself. Strictly speaking the company was Milton J. Andrews, formerly salesman for the tobacco trust, manufacturer of a patent crane, real-estate promoter, etc. With him was associated Zina Terwit, a sleepy-eyed, rather shabby, middle-aged man, whose duties were vaguely those of treasurer and secretary, or of mechanic and assistant to the inventor. The inventor—Blowitz—was a sallow-faced fellow, with thin arms and waist, and knotty, shrunken hands. His beard was tangled and oily, and his frayed trousers were ineffaceably stained with the acid filth of the streets. He was, however, the dominant idea of the New Republic Company. It might be said that the company had been formed to develop and promote him. Blowitz held the idea—in solution. Terwit had discovered Blowitz; and Andrews had discovered Terwit. The point that remained was to get the idea out of Blowitz and thus complete the circle.

So the president summed it up, as he smoked away the afternoons. He was supposed to be uptown in the din and sooty fog to the north, where he had other vague enterprises on foot. But he had got the habit, as the weeks passed on and Blowitz came nearer to delivering his idea, of spending more and more time in the Stoney Island Avenue place, watching, dreaming, hoping.

Not far away a vulgar, comfortable hotel belched a black stream to the clear heavens. Andrews had come to centre his longings in that caravansary. When the company was on its feet—the idea really alive and coining money—he would have a suite there and have his daughter to live with him. It was a nice place, fashionable in its way, and had a good chef. Time had been when he had stayed there whenever he happened to be in Chicago with his wife and daughter. Other salient aspects of the panorama of luxury stretched out before his gaze as he sat tipped back on the sidewalk—opulent houses etched against the lake, thundering *trains de luxe* on the railroad, varnished and lacquered carriages in the park—all that he had yearned to grasp for thirty years—all that he had just missed so often, so often. Now the last venture, the last dollar on life's green cloth, and his weary fingers would close in triumph upon the evasive pile. The great smoky city where he had voyaged desperately a man's lifetime would be his plaything.

Not that he cared much now for himself, at least for the sensuous gratifications of it. His wife had died four years ago in a third-class hotel in Kansas City—the time the real-estate boom broke. His daughter had gone soon after to live with her aunt in Chicago. But his daughter's future, and his debts, and his chance of joining the successful ones who had passed him, and the satisfaction of tasting the cup which he had touched with his lips so often but never quite quaffed, oh! it was a question of weeks now. Blowitz had promised. He had made his mistakes, was cranky—these inventors were hard men to deal with—but to-morrow or the day after they were to have the gas.

Inside he could hear Terwit and Blowitz discussing something. The tap-tap of hammers had ceased. Just as Andrews rose to find out what the interruption meant his attention was caught by two figures that rounded the corner from the direction of the railroad station. Andrews dodged into the shanty with the hope that he had not been seen. The walkers stopped, however, in front of the open door.

"This must be the place," one of the two, a young woman, said. "Let's go in!"

Andrews straightened his hat and pulled down his cuffs.

"So here you are, papa!" the young woman exclaimed blithely. "I brought Teddy along because he knows so much about machines. Let's see the lamp, the thing that's going to make our everlasting fortune." She swept into the dusty room, talking and laughing, and examining every detail in one swift glance.

"Glad to see you, daughter," Andrews replied to her kiss in hearty tones. "Come right in, Mr. Jackson. It's nothing but a shop where we are experimenting." He apologized for his daughter's inquiring gaze.

"What's the curtain there for?" Miss Andrews asked.

"We are terribly careful and secret—don't want to be caught this time," Andrews replied—a note of affected hilarity in his voice.

"Nobody would think of spying here," the girl answered. "My! what a musty place! Let's see the thing."

Andrews pushed aside a fold of the curtain and the three entered the "works" proper. The inventor, who had been tinkering with a piece of pipe, glanced up apprehensively at the young woman. Her lavender walking suit, large gray hat with curly plumes, and joyous, inquisitive face, made the ill-favored room more dingy than ever.

"Mr. Terwit, my daughter and Mr. Jackson," Andrews announced. "They want to see whether we can make gas out of water and salt. Can you show 'em anything to-day?"

Terwit removed a dingy Derby and smiled affably.

"Blowitz says that copper cylinder is no good—don't fit—we've got to have another."

"Is that all!" Miss Andrews exclaimed, pointing disdainfully at the collection of gas pipes, valves and retorts. "Why, I thought it would take a——"

"That's only a model," the inventor growled. "What d'ye expect? An Auditorium?"

Terwit laughed loudly. Miss Andrews turned away from the inventor. Putting her hand on her father's arm, she pulled him gently.

"Explain it. What's it to do?"

"Why, this is only a model," Andrews replied with an effort at cheerfulness. "You understand machines, Mr. Jackson? This will interest you." His tones got back the confidence of the habitual promoter. "We have here one of the greatest discoveries; no, not discoveries—I won't say discoveries—adaptations of the age. This is a model of a portable gas factory. It will make a thousand cubic feet of gas every ten hours at a cost not to exceed twelve cents. Every farmer, every country house, every householder in fact, will be enabled to make his own light at a minimum cost. We all know that the gas companies rob us. Well, we expect to reduce their actual cost of production eighty per cent. and give a better product. Now, assuming that the companies make fifty per cent. profit——"

The young man nodded deferentially, while the daughter's glance hovered critically between Andrews's face and Jackson's. She seemed to be looking for an enlightening word, a current of conviction, which would be stronger than proof. When Andrews had finished his period, she posed her hands thoughtfully on the handle of her parasol and gazed dumbly at the coils of piping that ran up and down the walls and to the front room and back several times.

"What ingredients do you use?" the young man asked.

"That's giving it away!" Andrews answered, smiling craftily; "water and sodium, and something else." He pointed knowingly to a row of little tin cans on a shelf.

"Water!" his daughter exclaimed.

"It is the principal ingredient," the inventor put in. He added gruffly to the president: "You'd better get that brass cylinder; we can't do nothing till we have that."

Andrews excused himself and whispered with Terwit in a corner. Jackson knelt down and examined the machine more closely, while the inventor watched him suspiciously. Miss Andrews looked over them to the corner. She saw her father draw a bill from his wallet and press it into Terwit's hand surreptitiously. The latter took his hat and left.

"Well, daughter, you may invite Mr. Jackson and your friends to come next week to the first trial. We'll illuminate this old place," he said volubly and briskly, the confident smile spreading over his face once more. The three moved out into the front of the shop, where there were a desk and some chairs.

"We've just had our stock engraved," Andrews continued eagerly, as neither Jackson nor Miss Andrews spoke. He opened the desk and took out several sheets of engraved certificates. "There's half a million stock in there. But this don't cut any figure. What we are counting on is the profit from the sub-companies. We're going to form a company in every county of this State first, and keep one-third of the stock. On the telephone plan, see? Then there's all the other States in this region to be worked, and the foreign rights. You know how the Compress Company has spread all over the globe? Well, it won't be many years before we'll have companies in England and Germany. I saw a man yesterday that's figuring on the French rights."

"Gracious!" the young woman laughed. "We shall be so rich that we won't know how to spend it—just like the Nasons and the Stovers, and all the rest!"

Jackson looked at her and looked away again.

"Can't we go abroad and promote it? That's what I've been longing to do. We could just go around and sell stock," she continued.

"Now's the time to come in," Andrews put in boisterously. "You can get stock cheap in the parent concern. I might let you——"

The girl moved uneasily and rose as if to indicate that she had no concern in this part of the affair. She walked out of the door and gazed thoughtfully at the shadows in the Park. The lovely façade of the white Art Building had thrown a broad cloud over the turf. Suddenly she turned:

"Teddy, I think we must be going."

The young man was listening attentively to the father.

"Teddy, we must go now to get the train."

"Hold on a minute and I will go with you," Andrews suggested.

"Say, I want to speak to you," the man Blowitz interrupted. Andrews turned back to the shop impatiently. There was some loud whispering in the rear. At last Blowitz's voice rose:

"No, you don't. To-morrow is Sunday and you give me a dollar anyways. I am sick of footing it over here all the time and having my lunch handed out and five cents now and then."

"Teddy, we will walk on," the young woman commanded. When they reached the corner she hesitated and finally stopped:

"You must leave me. I am going back to get my father. I want to see him alone."

"Are you going to the Stovers' to-night?"

"No—I am sick of—yes, I suppose so. By-by."

She smiled and swept back to the little shop. As she entered Andrews was saying:

"Well, I can't stay here all night to argue it out. There's your dollar. I guess you'll turn up Monday all right. Mind, there ain't many more dollars," Andrews added with a sigh. "The thing must go next week."

"Oh, it'll go all right, old man," Blowitz replied. "Don't you worry yourself."

"Why, daughter!" Andrews exclaimed. "Where's Jackson? I thought you had gone over to the station."

"I sent him home."

"Why so? I was getting him interested in the company. I thought he might——"

"Don't do that," the girl protested. "I sent him away—because of that."

"I don't see why I can't talk business with Jackson," Andrews replied moodily. "I remember when old Jackson was peddling soap out of his little West Side factory and wasn't——"

"They lost most of his money," the daughter protested. "And Teddy doesn't take a cent of it, I know. Besides——"

She paused as if she had come to one of the things that couldn't be said. They walked back into the space curtained off from the "office." Andrews shut some windows and pulled a cloth over the more delicate parts of the machine, while his daughter gazed at the unintelligible thing. Andrews grumbled in a much more depressed tone than she had heard before.

"That Blowitz ain't any good when he has five cents in his pocket. We used to give him his carfare till I found he soaked it in straight alcohol."

"Do you think it will go?" the girl asked soberly, her eyes fastened to the machine as it she would tear its secret out of its material form.

"Go!" Andrews cried irritably. "It must go!"

"That won't make it go," the girl answered in a disillusioned way, as if memories of other "sure things" clogged her vision.

"Why, I see it as plain as your face," Andrews retorted, the look of covetous hunger inflaming his eyes. "I see it all right and working—just as if there were grapes hanging up there on the wall." He stretched out his hands avidly at the cobwebbed wall. "And I have my—hands—almost—on them," he stammered. "Hanging right up there, just a little bit too far."

The girl followed his yearning gesture with sympathetic eyes.

"All I need is a little more reach—just a little more money. I've done it all, found the money, so far, but I can't keep on without help. If I could interest one or two men with money to help float it, get it on its feet, burning!" He laughed. "When I am down, like now, I think it's going to slip out of my hands like all the rest!" The girl listened very eagerly. When he finished in the minor note, she slipped up to him and put her arms about him. Years ago she had seen her mother in the same attitude.

"I never thought how tough it's been," she said impulsively. "We've always been just about so hard-up, money now and then, and then nothing, that I've got used to it. I ought not to be going around as if my father had a million." She laid her hand on the lined face near hers; the expression was still tense from the excitement of the illusive vision of wealth. She noticed that the well-trimmed beard was turning gray—the first touch of age.

"I see now," she went on, illumined with her idea. "You need me! I must help you pull this through! Let us plan it out. I must leave Aunt Nan's—I've known for months that I really ought not to be there, having all these duds and going out every night, and you struggling by yourself. I'll tell her to-night that I'm going to live with you, that I am going to work!"

"I don't know as I'd do that," he answered. "Though it's real good of you to want to, daughter. I don't know that there's anything you could do yet, and I don't want you to be deprived of your home."

Miss Andrews whirled toward the door as if she were about to run to Aunt Nan's at once with her new plans.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"The machine will go, and then I can do what's right for you," Andrews said, following her to the outer door, which he prepared to close and bolt. He added, half aside:

"There's something you could do, though, to bring it out right."

The girl looked at him inquiringly. Andrews slipped the door-key into his pocket and led the way to the park.

"Something *you* could do better now than if you had left your aunt's—something *I* can't do."

The girl did not ask.

"You could get one of those rich fellows you see all the time to take an interest—and——"

The girl drew her lavender skirt tight about her with a nervous gesture. "No, no—not that!"

"What can you do, then?" her father asked rather bitterly. "Your music, and society, and book-learning won't help float the gas stock, will it? You don't know how to keep books, even if there were any. This is the one thing you can do if you really want to help me."

Miss Andrews murmured protestingly, "Not that!"

"Why not?" Andrews continued insistently. "What's the harm? You talk well, and you know a lot of those men who are always looking around for a good thing. Get some one interested in it, get him to come and *see* it. That's all I ask. Why, if I could get hold of a brainy man with capital, I'd have the money in five minutes. If I could only go on to New York, I'd find the man myself. Chicago's no place to start anything in—there's no surplus capital out here!"

"You want a rich man to float it?" Miss Andrews asked thoughtfully. "Can't I do anything else? I can give you my allowance, only it's spent for the next six months," she added gloomily.

"I've put every cent I can raise in it," Andrews added pleadingly. "I haven't ten dollars left. And we've got to get two thousand to go on. It's no use your talking of coming to live with me. I shan't have even a room after this week. I am going to sleep at the works."

At last the girl said in a low tone:

"I guess you are right. I can't do anything—except that. Well, I'm going to the Stovers' to-night, and I'll try Billy Stover. He's nothing to do with his money. I can get him to look at the thing anyway."

"I don't see how that would hurt anybody," Andrews answered more hopefully. "You needn't do the money part—leave that to me. It won't make you cheap just to get him interested in the machine."

"Oh, well, I guess I am cheap enough anyway," the girl answered, and turned back toward the railroad.

CHAPTER TWO

THE "thing," as Miss Andrews nonchalantly called the gas-generator in her efforts at promotion, did not have its successful trial the next week, nor the next. First one contrivance, then another, had to be adjusted, repaired, replaced; Blowitz got off on a spree, had to be hunted up, sobered and mended. It came to be November and chilly in the plaster-and-lath booth. Andrews had put in a folding bed and stove, and spent all his time there. Miss Andrews had secured another advance on her allowance from indulgent Aunt Nan.

From time to time Andrews alluded to the desired capitalist, but his daughter put him off evasively. It was a delicate matter, this promoting a scheme in society; the right man and the right opportunity did not present themselves hand in hand. Jackson, to be sure, had visited the "works" a number of times and seemed to take a deep interest in the success of the affair. But he was always in Miss Andrews's company.

Finally, toward the close of November, a dog-cart drove up to the rattling shanties, and a big, heavy man rolled off the seat. Miss Andrews jumped lightly after him. Andrews opened the door and welcomed them jauntily.

"Mr. Stover wants to see the machine," Miss Andrews began. "Has it made any gas yet?"

She turned away nervously as Andrews replied:

"We are just making a preliminary test. Have a seat, Mr. Stover, for a moment, and I'll see how things are."

He bustled to the rear. The big man unbuttoned his long driving-coat and stretched his legs. In the flimsy room he seemed a veritable Colossus. His person bespoke wealth in a rather ostentatious manner. He glanced around him with an air of mild curiosity about his surroundings and then looked back to the girl.

"It's a real nice day for a drive," he commented. "The air is a little sharp, but we will have time to take the new boulevard south of the park."

The girl nodded nervously.

"There isn't much to see?" he continued interrogatively.

"Only a few pipes and things," Miss Andrews replied. "But they say it will do wonders."

Andrews returned just then and the three went in behind the curtain. There, an unusual bustle prevailed; a new assistant, a youth in greasy overalls, was tinkering with one of the valves.

"Just one moment, Mr. Stover," Andrews explained in a nervously breezy manner. "Let me show you the principle of the great invention."

He began to explain the generator. Stover looked on while Andrews pointed out the parts of the machine. A new air had come over the beefy man, half shrewd, half suspicious, as if he were afraid that he was to be "taken for a sucker." The man Terwit hovered near them, putting in a word now and then when Andrews's limited technical phrases broke down.

"I see—very pretty, very clever," the rich man remarked at last, straightening up and striking a match. His tone was non-committal, impersonal; Miss Andrews walked over to the inventor, who was turning on some stop-cocks.

"Lend us your match, Mr. Stover," she exclaimed.

Stover gallantly lit a fresh one and put it in her hand. The girl, a flush of excitement mantling her cheeks, extended the match to the fixture resting on the table.

"Now," she murmured, "we'll see."

There was a silent movement of expectancy and then a bluish light broke forth from the mouthpiece.

"It burns!" she exclaimed, dropping the match.

"Of course it burns!" Andrews answered exultantly.

The blue flame burned more redly; it bobbed and flickered, as if doubtful of its own right to exist. Blowitz smiled at the tense attitude of the observers.

"What makes it so unsteady?" Stover asked with interest.

"The drum," Blowitz murmured. "'Taint jest right. Don't fit so as to give steady pressure. We'll make that all right."

Stover gazed, open-mouthed, at the dancing flame. Then he bent down and examined the coils of piping under the bench. The inventor laughed cynically.

"There ain't no gas connection there," he remarked, divining the capitalist's suspicion. "Besides, city gus wouldn't burn like that."

Stover straightened himself up and reddened. In his discomfiture he walked over to the generator and fingered its parts.

Suddenly Miss Andrews exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter?"

There was a faint sigh, a flicker, and the tiny flame had gone out.

"Somethin's wrong in the connection," Terwit explained quickly. "This just leaks—that's what the boy was working on."

Andrews, Stover and the girl withdrew into the "office."

"The gas is *there*, all right," Andrews said rubbing his hands blithely. "The model is kind of weak, but we're goin' to build a stronger one."

"It *did* burn," Stover rejoined, more warmly than he had spoken before. "What were those figures you were giving?"

Andrews eagerly launched into a series of calculations. He drew Stover over to the desk. Miss Andrews walked out to the door and stood watching the cold twilight. When the tones in the room behind her grew more animated and the words "interest" and "stock" flew about, she stepped across the sidewalk and patted the big bay horse. The animal threw up its head suspiciously.

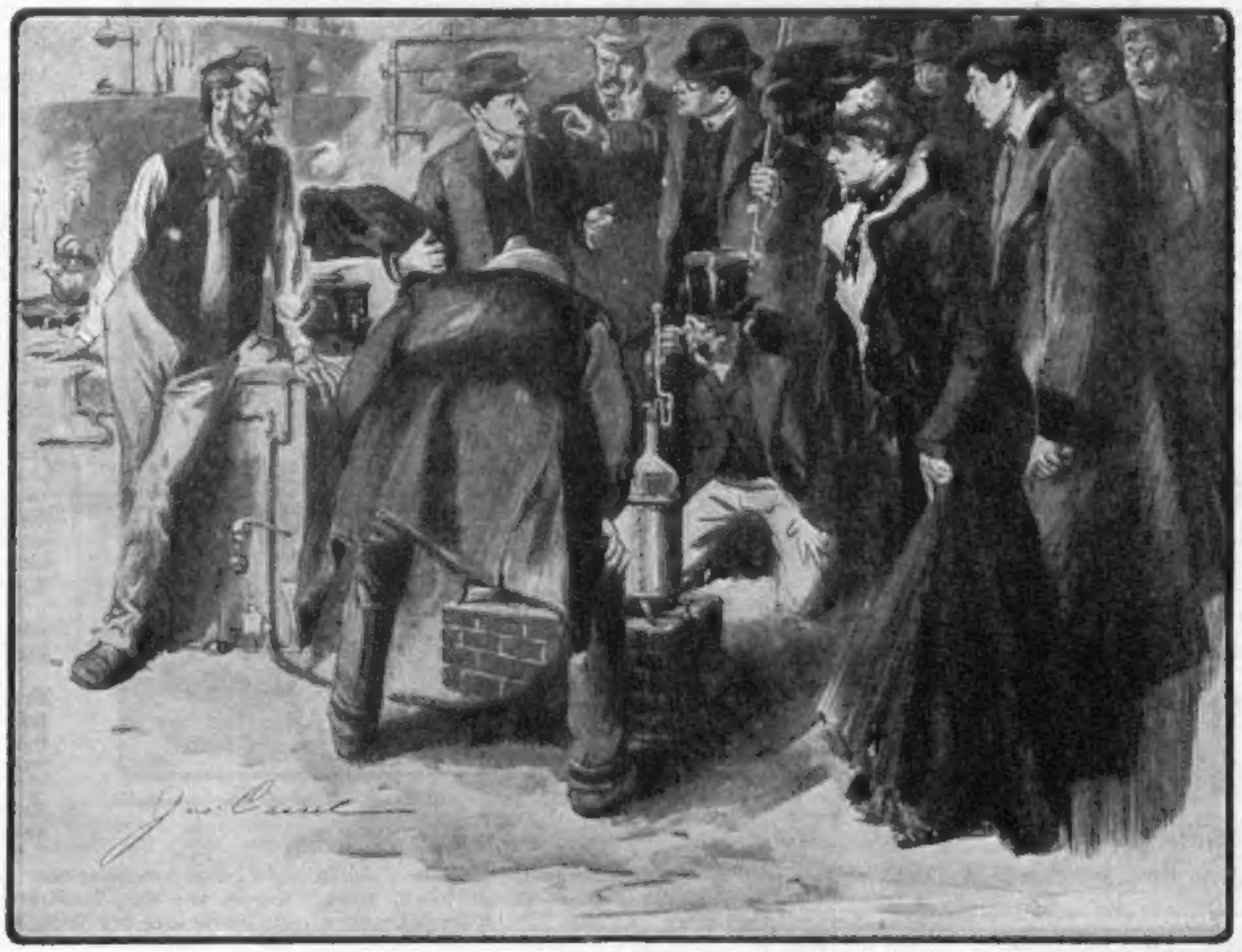
"I wonder if he strikes you," the girl murmured.

She turned back to the shop; the two men were talking excitedly; Andrews was pleading.

"No, a thousand, at least. That's the bottom price, the ground floor."

"A fifth interest for five hundred," the big man repeated. "It's a terrible risk!"

The girl quietly stepped out of earshot once more. The Greek cracker-jack man was trundling his merchandise and machine into one of the deserted shops.



"Speak out," Stover commanded roughly. "If there's any trick here we want to know it NOW!"

"Buy peanuts?" he queried, stopping his preparations.

She shook her head. She had no money in the gay little purse she was carrying.

At last the door of the New Republic Company swung open and Stover appeared buttoning up his inside coat and ramming something into a pocket of his ulster.

"See you next Wednesday?" Andrews asked in a contented tone. Stover nodded.

"We'll have time for that drive yet, Miss Andrews," he remarked as he gave the girl his hand.

She said nothing in reply, but leaning out of the cart called out:

"I shall be off on a house-party for a few days. Don't expect me, papa!"

They drove into the park. The big bay trotted on briskly, and Stover swung his lash idly here and there.

"I think your father has a good thing there," he said cheerfully. "He may strike it very rich."

"Poor papa," the girl sighed. "I hope so. He's so often——" then correcting herself she went on more guardedly, "He feels very confident of success, if he can interest men of money in it. It takes so much, he says, to start a new thing, even when it's good."

"They're like mushrooms." Stover laughed with the air of a man who had his eyes open.

"It will be fine for you," he concluded sympathetically. "You'll make the money fly," he laughed, and drew nearer to his companion. The girl looked at him coldly. His brown eyes were lighting in a new way. Suddenly he put both reins in his left hand. She shivered, but did not move. Not even when his arm came confidentially about the back of the seat.

"I should like to see you with a lot of things," he spoke close in her ear. Her eyes turned away to the lake. It was horribly lonely in this part of the park. Suddenly the man's arm seized her. She made no cry, but, turning her head, looked at his big eyes, now so close to hers—at his high-colored cheeks. Coldly, distantly, she said:

"Don't you think five hundred is rather cheap?"

Stover stammered, withdrew his arm; "I didn't mean it that way."

"I am cold," the girl replied indifferently. "Please turn back. I shall have to go home now to dress."

As they drove up to Aunt Nan's house Stover said diffidently:

"I hope you won't——"

"What?" Miss Andrews asked coldly, and then without waiting for a reply she said, "Good-night!" and disappeared within the vestibule.

CHAPTER THREE

AUNT NAN glanced disapprovingly at her niece as she came into the hall.

"Don't you think it is rather careless, Sally," she asked, "so late, and with that Stover man, too? What makes you so nice with him? If you want to marry——"

The girl interrupted her with a gesture.

"He's been with me to see papa's thing—he thinks it will make money."

"Um," her aunt replied ungraciously. "Your father will never make a cent."

"No, not cents—millions," the girl retorted, flinging back her furs.

"You'd better let him go to Porto Rico, as he spoke of doing."

Miss Andrews shook her head.

"The last ditch isn't in sight yet. Don't let's talk of it. There's the Geneva house-party for over Sunday. Perhaps I'll marry."

"Well, don't marry Stover," her aunt ended good-naturedly. "And don't encourage your father to send more good money after bad."

But this was exactly what Miss Andrews busied herself with at the Geneva house-party. She launched out boldly and talked of nothing but the great invention. Janes and Sopot and Wellings were there—all men who could do something if they would, and, now that she was in it, she would see that they did take hold. She made no secret of it; she carried it off handsomely, dealing recklessly with facts and figures. And when she was puzzled, there was Jackson, who came to her defense ably. Had he not seen it all—seen it working?

Janes and Sopot took the matter seriously enough to go down to South Park with Jackson to make an investigation. They went again and brought other men with them—mechanics, engineers, practical men. The New Republic Works took on the air of a hive of industry. Jackson ran in at Aunt Nan's the second Sunday after they came back from the house-party. He had heard there was to be a final test of the new model the next day.

"I shall go, of course," Miss Andrews remarked promptly.

"There will be a lot of men," Jackson suggested hesitatingly, "and men, you know——"

"I am not afraid of men," she laughed. "Are you going?"

Jackson nodded.

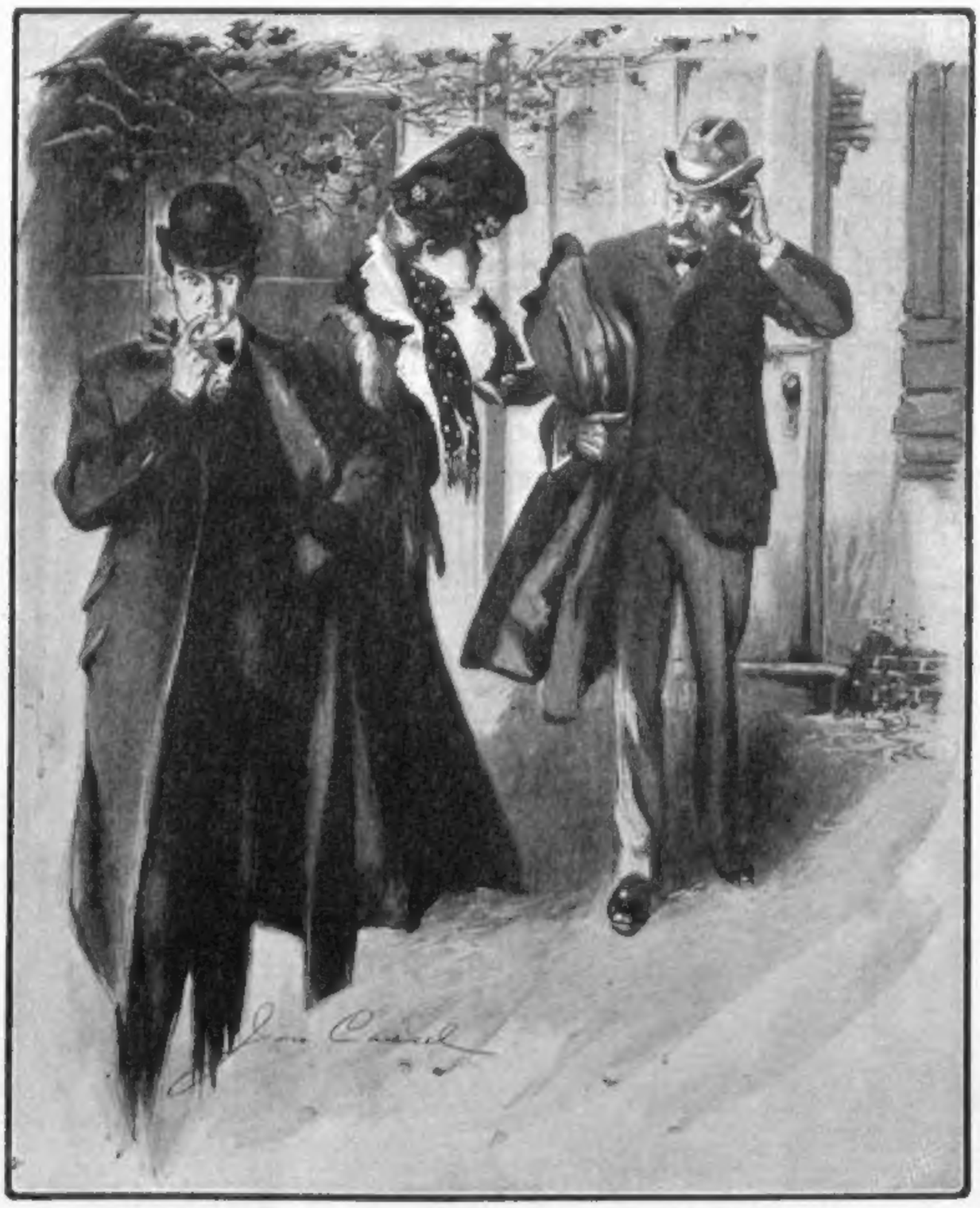
"There's to be an expert, a chemist from the University. If he reports favorably, Stover is going in heavily." He added more slowly, "The chemist is an old acquaintance—I suggested him—I thought it might be better so."

The girl glanced at him inquiringly.

"I will bring you the news. You had better not——"

"Will you call for me?"

So the next day the two went out to the "works." When they arrived, the office was crowded with men. It had been furbished up for this event. A few more chairs, a cheap rug, another desk for a stenographer, and a table, made it quite habitable. The men were drifting back and forth between the office and the rear room in which the inventor and his assistant were putting final touches to the machine. When Jackson and Miss Andrews entered Stover joined them. "The chemist hasn't come," he said, "but it doesn't matter. I saw the thing burn yesterday, burn half a day, registered all right, and I saw the stuff that went in."



"You will come with us," Miss Andrews said

"Who are those people?" Jackson asked.

"Just one or two I brought down," Stover answered negligently.

The door opened, and a young man entered. He looked about with a detached air, an inquiring smile on his face.

"That's the chemist," Stover whispered to Miss Andrews, as Jackson left them to greet the young man.

"I am glad you are here, Miss Andrews," Stover continued. "I want you to see the success of the venture; *your* success," he added with a slight emphasis on the pronoun.

"I had to be in at the death," the girl answered idly. "Is Mr. Janes or Mr. Sopot here?"

Stover jerked his head in the direction of the rear room.

"They're trying to climb into the band wagon. See here, Jackson," he called out loudly. "We'll have a great dinner to-night; lots of fix and blow this thing up for a starter."

Miss Andrews turned away and ran into the arms of her father, who was emerging from the inner room.

"Well, daughter! glad to see you," he exclaimed breezily. "Things look more lively, don't they? This is the last day for the old shanty. We're to have the fifth floor in Stover's new block——"

His attention was distracted by a call from the inner room.

"Haven't you gone in rather deep?" Miss Andrews asked Stover wearily.

"You ought to know!" he roared. "Not a bit, not a bit—when I believe in a thing you can find me every time."

His last remark had the suspicion of a double meaning.

"I am sure I hope you are right," the girl remarked, moving away from him.

At that moment Andrews threw open the old curtains with a dramatic flourish. One came down with the force of his nervous jerk and was kicked aside by the men, who crowded about the machine. The new model of the gas generator occupied all the space in the rear of the shop. On one side a bench had been prepared on which were grouped various contrivances to illustrate the services of the machine. There was a miniature stove, a bunch of gas-lights, a small heater, etc. In the centre of the room the new brass generator reposed on a bricked hearth. After some preliminary flourishes by Andrews, whose voice trembled with repressed excitement, Blowitz turned on the gas at all the vents and coolly lighted them. Clear, bright flames shot up; they flickered at first, but soon settled to a quiet, steady light.

Miss Andrews sighed audibly; some one said, "That's pretty fine." Andrews remarked complacently, "Nothing, gentlemen, but water, sodium, and a little something else known only to us."

Miss Andrews's glance happened to fall on the chemist. He was looking at her father contemptuously, she thought. Then he crossed to the inventor and asked a few questions. He tapped the generator carelessly with his toe.

"Look it all over, Professor," Andrews said in a confident, loud tone. "There's something *you* never saw in your laboratories."

"Oh, I guess I don't need to look at it very carefully," the young man answered pleasantly enough.

"Can you find anything the matter with it? Is there anything the matter with that gas?" Andrews asked rather blusteringly.

"Oh, the gas is all right, so far as it goes. You can make a little that way. Any high-school boy will make you some."

He laughed to himself, Miss Andrews noticed, as he walked to the bench and played with the stop-cocks.

"Speak out," Stover commanded roughly. "If there's any trick here, we want to know it *now*."

"Why, any idiot that knows anything about gas knows that isn't the point," the young chemist replied, pointing to the busy flames. "You can make a good enough illuminating gas in a dozen different ways, gas that will burn and light. The thing is to get a gas that won't disintegrate, go back to its elements, when you've got to carry it any distance. You couldn't pipe that gas a block."

Miss Andrews saw Blowitz eye the chemist sourly. But the investor merely spat and waited.

"Besides, there are hundreds of these machines;" the young fellow tapped the generator again contemptuously. "The Patent Office records would show that!"

"You think you know it all," Andrews began bullyingly, but his voice fell.

Stover led the chemist into a corner and asked him questions. Some of the men drifted out, and one or two were looking at the machine curiously. Miss Andrews took her father's hand, but Andrews pushed her off. "There he is, scaring the life out of that Stover," he exclaimed bitterly.

"He may be wrong," Jackson suggested. He went on excitedly: "These theoretical men are so cock-sure, but they never invent anything themselves—just throw cold water on other men's efforts. Why, I shouldn't give a copper for his opinion. There is your proof, Mr. Andrews." He pointed eloquently to the fat flames on the bench.

"Why, he's your friend, isn't he? The chemist, I mean. I thought you said——" Miss Andrews asked.

"He may be a fool for all that. He *is* a fool."

Miss Andrews looked wonderingly at Jackson. She had always thought him very lukewarm about the generator.

Other men drifted past them, Sopot and Janes; they seemed preoccupied or chattered boisterously about other "things." Jackson took Andrews aside and talked to him earnestly.

"I shouldn't consider what Meeham says one minute. I knew him in college. He's nothing but a cocky, conceited chap, and just as like——"

"So you say the whole thing is a confidence game," Stover's loud voice broke in; "that any one could tell that it wouldn't work on a large scale."

(*Continued on Page 16*)

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The Skeleton in the Wood Closet

When the Transvaal War began report assigned to Sir Evelyn Wood a probable high command in it. Poetical justice seemed to require that he should be sent out. After Majuba he was ready to strike the blow that should avenge Colley. But his hand was stayed from Downing Street.

If that peacemaking of Gladstone's was an error, Sir Evelyn Wood—who no doubt always thought it was—seemed to be the predestined man to repair it. He was confident of his own success twenty years ago had he gone into action; and at the imposed Peace Conference, opposite to the grim Joubert, he sat and laughed.

One does not quite know what to make of that assurance, of that levity. This is certain, that the Adjutant-General of the Forces, as Sir Evelyn Wood now is, made strange miscalculations when President Kruger last year issued his ultimatum.

Of the war itself his first estimate was that it would be "a useful parade for the British army"—useful it has been; a "parade" hardly!

In the autumn of 1899 Sir Evelyn, consulted by numerous friends as an expert, said the war would be over at the end of the year. Reminded of the prediction when 1900 came, Sir Evelyn opined that he must have meant the end of 1900. One reflects that perhaps he may have been overconfident of his fighting prospects in the old days; and that peacemaking Gladstone was not quite so blind as, for instance, his latest statue makes him look.

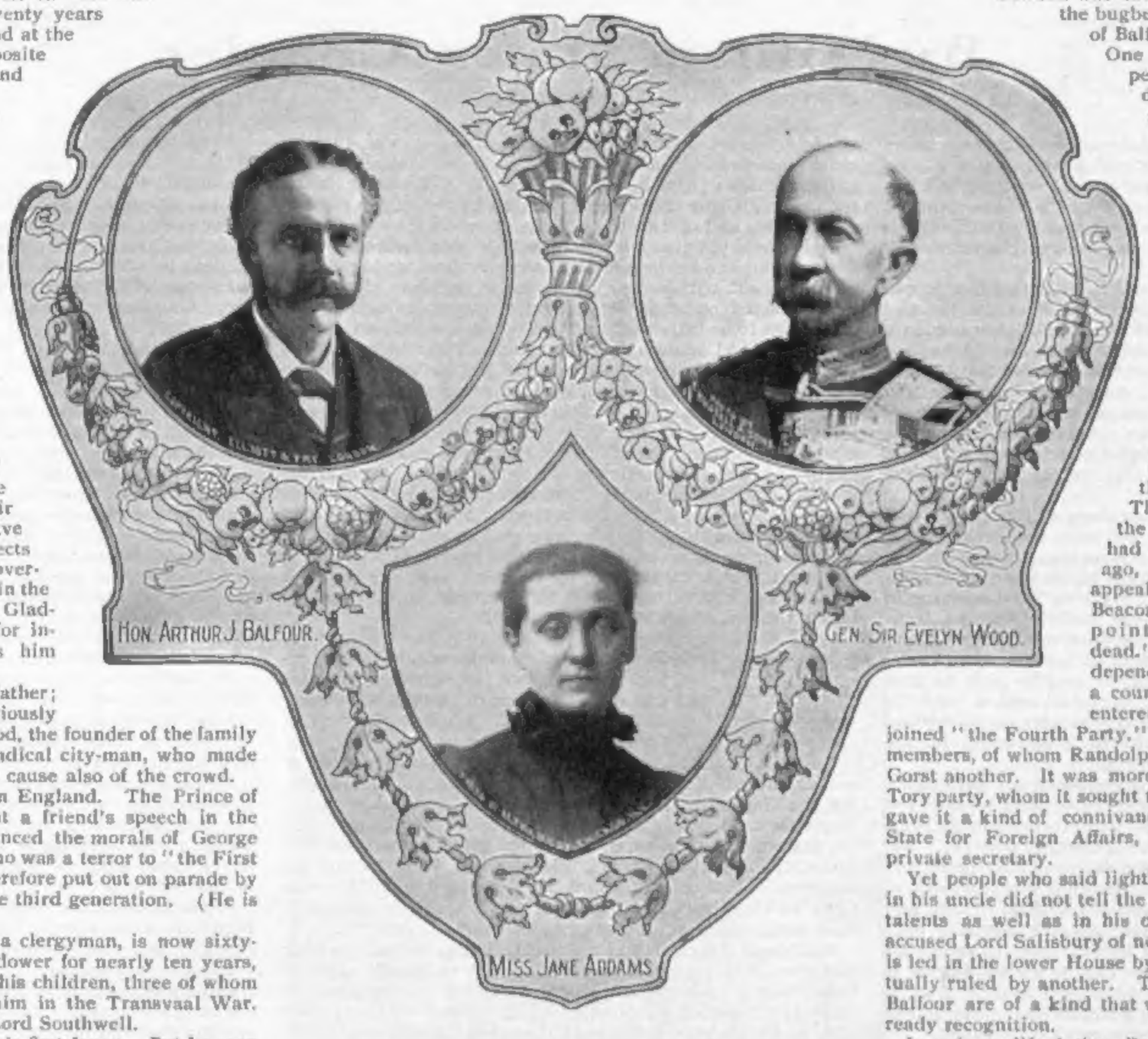
Sir Evelyn Wood had a grandfather; but a grandfather who is religiously kept in the shade. Alderman Wood, the founder of the family fortune and baronetcy, was a Radical city-man, who made the cause of Queen Caroline the cause also of the crowd.

Royalty does not forget, even in England. The Prince of Wales has been known to resent a friend's speech in the House of Commons which denounced the morals of George IV! The long dead Alderman, who was a terror to "the First Gentleman of Europe," is not therefore put out on parade by a soldier of the Queen even in the third generation. (He is a sort of family skeleton.)

Sir Evelyn, whose father was a clergyman, is now sixty-two years of age, has been a widower for nearly ten years, and is devoted to the interests of his children, three of whom are in the army and represent him in the Transvaal War. His late wife was a daughter of Lord Southwell.

To go to the bar was Sir Evelyn's first fancy. But he soon left the law courts for the navy, serving with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, where he got a severe wound while carrying a scaling ladder to the Redan. In 1855 he joined the Light Dragoons, and soon afterward had the Victoria Cross pinned on his breast by the Queen, for valor during a campaign in India.

Ashanti, Kaffir, Zulu and Egyptian wars kept his fighting hand in, and intervals have been occupied by important commands and staff appointments at home. The time for active service is over with him. He has become an excellent tennis player, though his own estimate of his scores has a tendency toward the too sanguine.



Settlement Worker Wins the French

Miss Jane Addams, the young philanthropist of Chicago, was made the recipient of much attention from prominent people in France, and when she appeared and made a short address on one of the special days of the Exposition—one of the women's days—it was conceded that she was among the most worthily notable of all the Americans who had this year crossed the Atlantic.

It is on account of her social and economic studies that Miss Addams is famous, for she is a leader in what is known as "settlement" work, and it was she whose influence was the most operative in the founding of Hull House, in Chicago. She is a typical Western girl. She was born in Illinois, where her father attained some prominence as a political leader. She was given a good education, and then, with a young woman friend, a fellow-graduate, traveled through Europe for the sake of further study and to see the world before deciding upon the question of a career. There is a breezy Westernness about all this that is very attractive and characteristic.

In the cities of Europe it chanced that the minds of the two friends were turned especially toward the poor and their environment, and so deeply impressed were they by what they saw and by the possibilities that opened before them, that they decided that slum work in Chicago should be their life work and mission.

It was a little more than ten years ago that Hull House was founded, and it is now doing a wonderful work. It carries on a striking variety of classes, its system of clubs is working out great results, while in its care for the sick, the poor, the hopeless and the wretched it is of vast benefit.

An intense earnestness, combined with a magnetic personality have enabled Miss Addams to achieve her success. Her face is full of character, and there is a fine quality about it that at once attracts. Withal, there is a sadness, as if the depth of sorrow of which she has had to learn in her mission has left its indelible mark upon her.

Besides making an address at the Exposition, Miss Addams met many of the most noted French students of sociological matters, and discussed with them the varied phases of the problems of the "submerged tenth."

The Frenchmen, enthusiastic when an attractive woman is concerned, unanimously agreed as to her magnetic charm, and vied with each other in expressing admiration for the woman herself and for the earnestness with which she presented her views on the lives and conditions of the poor, and the possibilities of close and sympathetic touch in ameliorating those conditions. Miss Addams believes that "settlement" work is only one manifestation of a wide and deep humanitarian movement that, throughout Christendom, is working for the betterment of the unhappy and almost neglected classes of society, and striving to lift them higher.

Won't Admit He Looks Like Lincoln

The other day a New York Congressman was conducting two constituents through the Capitol at Washington. In the rotunda they met a spare old man of Spartan frame, plainly dressed and evidently at home.

"Great smoke!" exclaimed one of the callers. "That's Abe Lincoln."

The old man heard the remark and hurried on with a side glance at the speaker. A few minutes later the Congressman met the duplicate of the War President in a corridor and presented his friends to him. He was the Honorable Shelby M. Cullom, Senator from Illinois. Nothing was said in the exceedingly brief talk about the previous remark and when the Senator passed on the visitor apologized to the Congressman for having made it.

"The Senator didn't look as if he liked it exactly," he said.

"Don't bother," returned the member. "Mr. Cullom never admits that he looks like Abraham and he never speaks of it, but he keeps on looking like him just the same."

And nothing could be truer. Senator Cullom comes from the town of Lincoln's burial. His natural resemblance to the great President has been heightened by his method of dressing, wearing his hair and shaving. As he is to-day he could sit for a photograph which five persons out of ten would label "Lincoln." But the subject is one that the Senator never allows discussed in his presence, although on other topics he is one of the most approachable men in Congress. "As easy as an old shoe," is the way one of his admirers graphically described his affability the other day.

An Uncle to be Thankful For

The present leader of the English House of Commons, Arthur James Balfour, has been fortunate in his uncle. His father, a Scottish squire, died when Arthur, his eldest son, was only eight years old. All the nearer, therefore, became the association of the boy with his mother's brother, the Marquis of Salisbury.

When first the nephew took an interest in politics, Disraeli was the master spirit of Toryism, but the bugbear of both Salisbury and another of Balfour's uncles, Beresford-Hope.

One of Balfour's early political experiences was to read Disraeli's description of Uncle Salisbury as a master of "flouts and gibes" who had attacked him in the press before he was his colleague and after he was his colleague. "I do not know whether he attacked me while he was my colleague." The allusion was to the Saturday Review's series of articles against Disraeli from the pen of Lord Robert Cecil, as Salisbury then was. It was a family affair, for the Review was the property of Beresford-Hope—the Beresford-Hope whom Disraeli complimented on his "Batavian grace," in allusion to his awkwardness and to the Amsterdam origin of the family. These things count in considering the career of Arthur Balfour. They had an echo when he said, not long ago, in answer to a supporter who appealed to the opinion of Lord Beaconsfield as an authority on some point, that "Lord Beaconsfield is dead." Balfour has this hereditary independence. He showed it when, after a course at Eton and Cambridge, he entered Parliament for Hertford, and joined "the Fourth Party." That party had only four or five members, of whom Randolph Churchill was one and Sir John Gorst another. It was more democratic than the mass of the Tory party, whom it sought to "educate," and Lord Salisbury gave it a kind of connivance when he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and appointed his nephew his private secretary.

Yet people who said lightly that Arthur Balfour was lucky in his uncle did not tell the whole truth. He had luck in his talents as well as in his opportunities. Nobody has ever accused Lord Salisbury of nepotism, although his Government is led in the lower House by one nephew, and Ireland is virtually ruled by another. The talents of Arthur and Gerald Balfour are of a kind that win in the House of Commons a ready recognition.

In private life Arthur Balfour shows the same independence. He has not married but has many friends and admirers among women. He golfs and he bicycles with very much the same gravity that is his when he lectures and debates. Most men are forty men; Arthur Balfour seems to be but one man.

What Beat Thompson's Archery

In speaking of Maurice Thompson one naturally alludes to his poetry and his literary criticisms, but there was a time when the erstwhile Hoosier writer was as famous a man as Adirondack Murray. In the seventies Mr. Thompson advocated in an eastern magazine the revival of the ancient sport of archery. He wrote a book or two telling how small game, such as birds, squirrels and rabbits, could be killed by the arrow. He formulated rules for archery clubs and through the middle West there swept a great wave of enthusiasm that would have gladdened the heart of Robin Hood and added to the stature of Little John. There were Thompson butts, Thompson bows and Maurice Thompson strings and arrows.

After a while the archery fad reached Indianapolis and a handsome lawn was laid out near Fall Creek, then a suburb. A Thompson club was promptly organized and a rival team was soon in the field. The latter was composed of boys ranging in age from fifteen to eighteen, and they met semi-weekly for practice. Shooting at butts soon became wearisome and Mr. Thompson's later articles as to hunting small game aroused the wildest enthusiasm. The two clubs vied with each other in making as large scores as possible.

At last one club forged to the head with a lead that defied competition. All of the victims were indubitably hit with some semi-blunt object, and while the rival team might think things it did not dare to charge foul play.

The other day in New York two of these old-time rivals met and the subject of archery was brought up.

"If I hadn't seen the game I'd say you fellows used a shot gun," said one of them.

"It wasn't a shot gun," replied the other, "and," with a sudden burst of frankness, "it wasn't arrows, either."

"What was it?"

Then the other and older man went to a trunk and from a tin box he pulled out a pronged stick, a leather cup and two bands of rubber. "I used to be the best shot in Central Indiana with this, thirty years ago," he remarked.

"Well, I'll be switched," said the other man.

THE YOUNG MAN and the STATE

By William Astor Chanler

WITHIN itself, a purely material civilization carries the elements of self-destruction and of decay. As nations grow greater and wealthier, the tendency among their peoples is to accentuate the actual importance of the material, placing it over those civic and martial, individual and collective virtues which are the real foundation of the state.

In the history of our country there is little that our people need look back upon with anything other than the greatest pride and the most profound satisfaction. In generations we have wrought and accomplished what the old world has not equaled in centuries. It is my profound belief that we will continue in the future to meet, cope with and overcome the problems which present themselves, as we have done in the past. Defeat, decay and death can come only to our nation from within. Acting unitedly and for defensive purposes, our nation alone could withstand the combined powers of the world.

To the young American of to-day there will come for settlement questions greater, vaster and more far-reaching than any that have been presented to a people since the Declaration of Independence was written. In his hands will lie the solution of the many problems which are now but beginning to agitate the public mind. His duty, in brief, is, first, to fit himself by a proper training for considering these problems, and, secondly, to make the necessary and proper study of the questions presented, in order that he may be able to pass upon them from a knowing, an impartial and a patriotic standpoint. Thus he will insure to humanity, to his nation, to his state and to himself, both for the present and for the future, the greatest permanent benefit.

Some who run and read will question in an unthinking moment the fact that a man born involuntarily into the world—as we all of necessity are—actually owes to the state any duty that he is under moral obligations to perform. But our premise must be that each member of a state or society is indebted to that society for the accumulations of wealth, of learning, of wisdom and of beneficial hereditary traits and instincts which have been made possible for him only through social organization—that is, the state. In return for these privileges it is his duty to see that this organization is benefited by his presence and by his efforts in order that its gifts to his own and to succeeding generations in those things which constitute real national wealth may be increased.

With this premise the conclusion is quickly arrived at that on the generation of people who come into the possession of most from their ancestors the greatest duty and the greatest obligation rest for improving and perpetuating the state. As society progresses, as wealth increases, and as mankind goes on and up toward the ideal of perfection in all things, the duty, debt or obligation which falls on succeeding generations increases in proportion. What applies to successive generations applies in the same generation to the various nations of the world, to the subdivisions of those nations, and, finally, to the individuals composing those subdivisions. So, in my philosophy of mankind, I have never been able to see that the savage has imposed upon him many responsibilities, nor that he owes much to any one. Society, on the contrary, owes to itself the debt of civilizing savage man and converting him to higher planes of thought and action.

Obligations to the Assembly of Nations

When, therefore, we Americans agree that we have here perfected the highest form of statehood and civilization, that we have more in every way for which to be grateful to our ancestry, we cannot honorably content ourselves with the boast and the satisfaction of our knowledge. As a nation there falls upon us the debt to the world of extending what is best in our ideas of government to the other peoples of the world. If those who have made the nation what we claim it to be have wrought well, upon us devolves the duty of seeing that their results are spread wide; that forms of government kindred to our own in intent and purpose are established throughout the world, and, when once established, are allowed to continue and perpetuate themselves without interference from external agencies.

With a lavish hand we must dispense the knowledge of our progress in the practical sciences and in the arts; for it is through material progress that those things which are highest and best are often attained.

On the citizen and the ruler of to-morrow—the young man of to-day—there falls an honored mantle. To him opens an opportunity for achievement in all lines such as was never before possible. The progress of the past is as naught compared with the possible progress of the future. On each young man, in proportion as he has received wealth, physical strength, learning and accomplishments from the society into which he is born, there devolves a duty to be performed for that society in return. Exactly what this duty will be the future must and will decide. As it appears to him he must perform it. In so much as he fails to undertake the obligations which will rest upon him, and in so far as he shirks the part which he should play, and seeks the easier road of compromise and of irresponsibility, he will fail as a man.

It is my belief that we who dwell in the centres of life, where a thousand things distract the attention, and emotions surge and ebb with a rapidity too great for many of them to become fixed as an inalienable part of our being, do not appreciate to its fullest extent the single-hearted devotion, the patriotism and intense love of country of the great mass of our people. Life is too short, and, for the most part, too much filled with little things, for the average man to become at once both broad and deep in his knowledge of men and things. With those whose lives are narrowed to a few interests—and this class constitutes the great bulk of our citizenship—the current of feeling runs deep. At times there arises a great occasion when the thin veneer of skepticism with which many of our people affect to view all matters politic is torn away, and the mighty honesty and strength of purpose, the sterling qualities of our nation, the great plain people of the country, assert themselves. Then, once public sentiment is aroused, concentrated and determined on action, woe betide the evil which stands in its way.

"Hystericals" in National Politics

For our people are honest. Often, perhaps, they seem lax, careless and indifferent. In small things they are. It is rarely that the elephant bothers at the buzzing of the fly.

And it is against the flies that a small but noisy element of our press and people are constantly crying aloud and warning the elephant. For lack of a better term, this element may well be denominated the hysterical. Lions, bears and the greater beasts so rarely attack the great animal, and the necessity for real conflict is, relatively speaking, so rare an occurrence, that calamities must be invented, a daily spasm must be experienced and the hystericals go clamoring after flies, mosquitoes and minor pests to fill up the interim.

Little real danger is to be apprehended to our nation from this class. Our people have a too highly cultivated sense of humor—a saving grace. Moreover, the hystericals have a place in the national economy; for they serve well for picket duty and often give warning of the approach of real danger.

I have merely mentioned this class as one that a young man would do well neither to join nor to become disgusted with. They are a spectacular and bizarre feature of our national life, and are mistaken often by serious-minded foreigners for the real American people. Often they are entirely wrong; often a couple of centuries ahead of time in their views and opinions; and sometimes they are right. It is here that the young man needs judgment to discriminate, and must exercise care lest, in rejecting everything for which they stand, he cast from himself something that is really good.

There is another element that I shall mention—one as notoriously noisy in American politics as the hystericals—that is, the so-called independent element. This is constituted, in the main, of well-intentioned folk, good folk, but frequently as narrow as they are good. These are independent because both of the great political parties, to whom practically every one who would have a voice in American politics and affairs must belong, contain too much that is corrupt, too much that is dishonest, and too much that doesn't happen exactly to agree with all their individual idiosyncrasies and own peculiar isms.

They overlook the facts that our world is made up of human beings, not perfect theories; that man is fallible even when most honest; that concessions are necessary in all things; that great masses necessarily move slowly. These are the citizens who go out to spend the day, after morning prayers, lamenting with long faces that all that was truly good is dead, despairing for the future of the Republic and for the passing from the face of the earth of all honesty, virtue and free government. These are the men who speak in horrified tones of machines in politics, classing them almost indiscriminately as criminal institutions.

The man who condemns the machine as such in American politics, really insults the intelligence of our people.

The Coming of the True Democracy

This statement leads to a further discussion of certain phases of American political life that the young man of to-day would do well to appreciate. If I mistake not, they are part of an evolutionary process that is just now coming about. If I mistake not, the end of this process will be the initiation in our country of real democratic government instead of aristocratic government, and that upon the truest and grandest scale ever witnessed in the world's history. And it is through a discussion of this at some length that I wish to lead to my main interest.

From its inception our land has been unique. Here came in the first instance men who bore within themselves the one essential element of greatness—strength. Weak, puny, emaciated and effete peoples have not in themselves the daring required in those who would go into a new land, conquer its wild beasts and wild men, and cut their homes from among the forests. Nor does a rebellion against religious restraint cause men of ordinary mould to tear themselves loose from everything that men hold most dear and seek new homes in a new land.

Intellectually the men who fought our Revolutionary War were somewhat superior to their descendants of the next generation. Moreover, the questions with which they dealt, the issues for which they fought, were of such a nature as to appeal alike to the educated and the uneducated, the classes and the masses.

Yet for the framing of the Declaration of Independence and for the writing of the Constitution we are indebted in the main to the polished aristocrats of the Southern States. These were aided by men from the New England States, who, to all intents and purposes, were no less haughty in their bearing. A popular leaven was thrown in by Franklin, the democratic philosopher and man of the people. This was offset by the ideas of that universal genius, Hamilton. None of these men either contemplated or fully understood the idea of the real democracy that was one day to come about.

So, with the close of the Revolutionary War, the tide commenced to sweep across the continent. The bold, adventurous and liberty-loving of other lands joined in the rush which followed to the Mississippi Valley. The bravest blood pushed ever farthest to the West.

Meanwhile the aristocrats ruled, and from them all governmental measures emanated. Especially did men of this type predominate as birth and inclination led them to this line of action, while the rougher and hardier peoples took to trading or found more congenial occupation along the border line of civilization.

With Jackson the plain people came into their own. Better than any other he represented the sturdy, square, rough citizen who predominated in America just at that time.

But the aristocrats of the South and of the North soon regained the lost reins of government. The people were too busy to care much about the matter, and it was not until Clay and Calhoun and Webster had passed from the scene that the great constitutional issue of States' Rights, which resulted in the abolition of slavery, came to the attention of the plain people. And even then it was not the logic and the mighty eloquence of the immortal orators that stirred them to action. But it was through the simple, homely, democratic phrase of a man who touched their hearts, who said for them the things which they wanted said and who did for them the things that they wanted done, that Lincoln, the second of the people's presidents, came to the leadership of the nation.

As long as gratitude—first, for the making of the country, as in the case of Washington, Adams and Jefferson, and, second, for the salvation of the country, as in the case of Grant and some of our later Presidents—entered into the selection of a ruler, it cannot be said that the policy of our Government was shaped in accordance with the people's judgment. Sentiment rather than reason dictated their choice, and their rulers governed rather than led. Sectionalism in the North, and this sentiment, combined with the necessity for racial predominance in the South, have excluded, since the Civil War, a calm, impartial judgment on social and economic questions.

But the battles of the Civil War have been made history by a new war. The majority of those who participated are dead; the survivors desire that no sentiment on a dead issue shall influence their sons to vote in a fashion contrary to what the young men's belief in the true interests of the nation shall dictate.

Meanwhile an element removed from war has entered the situation. With the stupendous progress of a generation in the arts and sciences the drudgery of our race has been thrown on machines. Wealth has increased until the nation is rich. The generation following the war has had time to go to school. The change that has been wrought on this account is marvelous and is just now commencing to make itself felt.

Learning, and not birth and heritage, has become the distinguishing mark among our people. In Washington's time and in Jefferson's time a few could read; in Jackson's time few had opportunity or inclination for reading. In Lincoln's time, even, a comparatively small proportion of the population could read and understand. Now, almost all men can either read or understand. With the coming of the generation of young men all will both read and understand.

What will be the meaning and significance of this?

To me the answer seems, a real Democracy; a state in which all the people will govern, where the intelligent will of all the people will be supreme.

The Passing of the One-Man Power

I should but speak in platitudes did I advise that it is the duty of all young men in our country to take interest in public affairs and to vote. Almost without exception our young men do take interest in public affairs and vote regularly.

But it is one thing to vote and another to vote right. It is an entirely different matter to vote the straight ticket with a true understanding of the issues involved and to vote without the requisite knowledge. One vote counts as much numerically at the end of election day as does another; but it is only when the results are all in that this is the case. The intelligent vote must and will rule the country.

With the accession to our citizenship of the millions from our schools and colleges this intelligent vote will not be represented at the polls by a mere percentage of our population. It will not stand for the small class of supercultured citizens who howl for reform from without the party ranks; but it will represent the vast bulk of the voting population of America. The classes—those who are educated and trained—will continue to be at the top; but the masses will have disappeared and will be evolved into the classes. Already our people are too intelligent not to be insulted by the assumptions of that class of reformers who arrogate to themselves the positions of dictators and shapers of public opinion. They resent by their votes at the polls the supposition that others must do their thinking for them.

Thus, I am inclined to believe that in the future machines will be stronger than ever. And why not? Is not our whole civilization based upon organization? The machine is the most democratic phase of our national political life. In order that it may be run successfully it must be constructed on the idea of the rule of the majority.

Moreover, I am inclined to believe that in our day, under our complex, diversified and highly specialized system of life and under our growing American institutions the great influence of the individual has passed. Men come now and act in response to conditions. These conditions are rarely brought about by one man or one small body of men. Millions think to-day where formerly one man ruled. The so-called leaders do not bring about changes, but only precede and give voice to the thought of the multitude. The strong man, dominating his party with the hand of iron, is a figment of the excited imaginations of those who cry out against machine methods. In reality he is not the tyrant leader that he is depicted; in fact he is the man who is in closest touch with the will of the people. It is only when he arrogates to himself a wisdom greater than that of the people and starts upon an independent course of action that this fact is brought out.

I have referred to the passing of the one-man power, of the old political leader, from our national life. To supplant him will come the rule of the many. It is impossible for the wisdom of the one to surmount and comprehend the vaster problems which now lie before us. In the wisdom of the many lies, as never before in our history, the salvation of the Republic. That this will prove equal to the call upon it we would be craven to doubt; but, equally, that the exercise of the best effort, of the greatest care and of the most rigid virtue on the part of the voter will be necessary no man who watches the trend of events, who sees that the web is being woven ever finer, more delicate and more complex, can doubt.

To the young man the question will present itself of joining one of the two great parties that practically divide the American vote. It is to be presumed that he wishes to vote from knowledge and from reason rather than from sentiment and the influence of association. For the investigation that is necessary he will have a fair basis if he has read and studied American history and understands the provisions of the American Constitution. The history of his own country, in the narrower sense—and it is only in this light that it is presented to him in school and college—will serve the young man only as a groundwork. Principles only are everlasting. Out of all the political dogmas of to-day he must remember that those only which are based upon the eternal foundation of honesty, of purity and of truth will last.

Once a man is associated with a party he rarely changes. Hence the necessity for care in the first instance. There is much of magic in the party name. The view of the older men, those who have affiliated with those of their political ilk for a generation, becomes necessarily one-sided. Years in practical life have taught them that human ideals are worked for only through the fallible human clay of expediency. And they have too long been accustomed to the handling of the tools in their own political workshop to judge whether or not they have lost their metal.

A Clean Slate to Write the Party Name

For the writing of his political allegiance the young man brings practically a clean slate. There is no record there; no measure that he has advocated against his better judgment for party expediency. His mind is unbiased—that is, it should be if he is earnest. To-day he brings a better training and capacity for the observation of national tendencies, for the judgment of political issues, for the deeper study of the fundamental principles involved, than ever before.

That he should study these questions is his duty. He should attempt to look at them not only in relation to their bearing upon his private and immediate fortunes, or upon the private and immediate fortunes of the nation, but in their deeper, broader and eventual relation to his nation and to human society.

For the making of this study he will scarcely have time or opportunity to search and study exhaustively the authorities on questions of taxation, of tariff, of finance, of commerce, of foreign relations. Rather he must train himself to go behind the more accessible arguments of a partizan press and of other expounders of political doctrines. He must learn the great art of the analysis of human motive. He must search and see what manner of men are advocating certain principles, and seek out their motives for so doing. He must take the platforms of the great political parties and sift them carefully for specific declarations of true principles. From these he must strip away that sentiment and those ambiguous statements which may mean so much before and so little after election.

And when the nominees are named let him look to their records. The character of the man put forward as the standard bearer of a great party indicates perhaps better than any one thing the degree in which those who choose him intend that their expressed will shall be carried out.

Why Politics are Always a Compromise

Now so diverse are the immediate interests of the various sections of our country, so different are the education, the surrounding atmosphere, the needs and desires, for example, of the people of New Jersey and those of Kansas, that it is scarcely possible that any platform ever written will appeal equally to the voters of those two States. Yet without doubt it is to be presumed that the people of either section mentioned would rally to the standard of any man of undoubted honesty who advocated only in part the measures which they desire, provided his principles answered rightly the questions indicated above. Therefore in actual politics is compromise necessary; not compromise with principles, but compromise with issues.

When the young voter has chosen, then, the party, the platform and the man, he will do well to ally himself with the party organization and enter the lists as an active worker. For upon each man, however humble, there devolves the duty to uphold as well as to uplift his party, and to spread its principles and propaganda to those with whom he comes into political contact.

If I mistake not, our nation is now entering upon a condition where actual want need not be feared. Since the beginning of nations no civilization so highly diversified and so totally independent has been matured in the degree that ours gives promise of. There is little apprehension, now, that hunger will ever stare any great portion of our population in the face. Wealth is increasing faster with us than population, and this increase bids fair to continue. Somewhere I have seen it stated that our amassed funds alone are sufficient in value to support every man, woman and child in America in the present condition of living for three years; this without the expenditure of a single stroke of productive labor or the turning of a wheel.

But is there a possibility of our becoming too rich for our own good?

In Rome, for many generations after the reign of Julius Cæsar, the people lived on wealth that they did not produce. They became effete and diseased, and finally they succumbed to a more virtuous and a hardier race. Could such a condition come to us, not from the conquest and exploitation of distant peoples, but from the conquest and exploitation of Nature's forces? For one I believe that it will not.

In this connection there is a problem which seems to be confronting us just now which looks, perhaps, more dangerous than it really is. At the same time it suggests a line which the young man will do well to investigate in considering his relations with the state. That question is the relation of wealth to the individual and to the state. A phase of the greater problem is touched in the so-called trust question.

To Preserve the Nation's Hardihood

Aside from the small proportion of real property that it owns, the nation's wealth lies in the strength, the virtues, the hardihood and the intelligence of its citizens, and in the amount of real and personal property owned by those citizens assessable for purposes of taxation or as a reserve fund in case of sudden and prolonged strain. It is to the nation's interest, then, that its people be so governed as to insure the perpetuation of national existence, growth and power. With nations as with people, self-preservation is the first law.

To the young man entering political life—that is, to the young man of America—there will come the problem of legislating regarding the production, distribution, consumption and taxation of the national wealth. At the present period the accumulations of wealth are reaching unprecedented proportions. In some lines it seems that this wealth is being used in a way that is inimical, not only to the present interests of the people at large, but to their future welfare.

Now he who cries out against wealth as such fails fully to appreciate the fact that almost all we have in any line of human accomplishment is owed to wealth. Concentrated in the hands of a few, and wisely invested, it can be made to accomplish incalculable good to the human race. Through its agency great undertakings, which save to the nation at large incalculable toil, are alone possible. Through its use in this manner it can be made to serve the state and to furnish to thousands employment of a higher grade than was before attainable. Criminally used it can bring about the debauchery of the state and the downfall of popular institutions.

It will be, then, to see that wealth is not destroyed, but nourished and encouraged; to see that precautions are taken that it cannot be used against the state, but that through the agency of private enterprise it will run of necessity into lines where it will be beneficial to the whole state; to see that proper methods of taxation are framed in order that the greatest income may be derived to the state with the least destruction of productive wealth, that the young man must study the growing problems of to-day and the imminent ones of to-morrow. "Destroy the criminal trusts" is a popular cry. Yes, destroy anything that is criminal, but beware how you destroy wealth itself, whatever line it is engaged in. Legislate rather so that no wealth can be employed in criminal lines.

Perhaps I am mentioning last the first duty the young man owes to the state. At any rate there is nothing more important either to himself or to the state of which he is part than the preservation of his own health and the perfection of himself physically. Little mental decadence is to be feared from a strong physical race, for sound minds lie in sound bodies. As a rule the best thoughts and actions have come from strong heads which sat on broad shoulders.

As a return for what the state has conferred on him the young man is indebted for the best efforts of his life. In youth there should be little rest and little recreation. This, less for the purpose of depriving him of the actual enjoyment to be obtained than that the hardier virtues may be inculcated. In the nation there should be a place for every one where he will receive ample and proportionate compensation for honest endeavor. The salvation of the race and the future of the state lie in this. Both to himself and to the state it is the duty of the young man to see that such a condition is brought about and will continue.

THE PAPER MOON

By Bliss Carman

THE moon like a paper lantern
Is lifted over the hill,
And below in the silent valley
Even the aspens are still.

Wondrous and frail it rises
Over the painted firs,
While down in the piney stillness
Only the river stirs;

Lulling its peaceful orchards
Murmurs the meadowy stream,
Threading the purple landscape
Like a silver road in a dream.

And I fancy the great Allmother
Is wandering, lamp in hand,
Distilling the night's enchantment
From her blue garden land;

Where a thousand lunes have perished
To make one perfect rose,
A thousand beauties taken
The journey no man knows;

Where a thousand perfect lovers
Have smiled and gone to sleep
With only a kiss to remember,
And only a rose to keep.

O great mysterious Mother,
In whose calm face we smile,
Swing slow thy paper lantern,
Stay not our joys a while!

For to-night through this northern garden,
Where the yellow roses twine,
Wander thy maiden lovers,
Pierrot and Columbine.

"Mieau!"

Young Barbarians

MOOSSY

By Ian Maclaren

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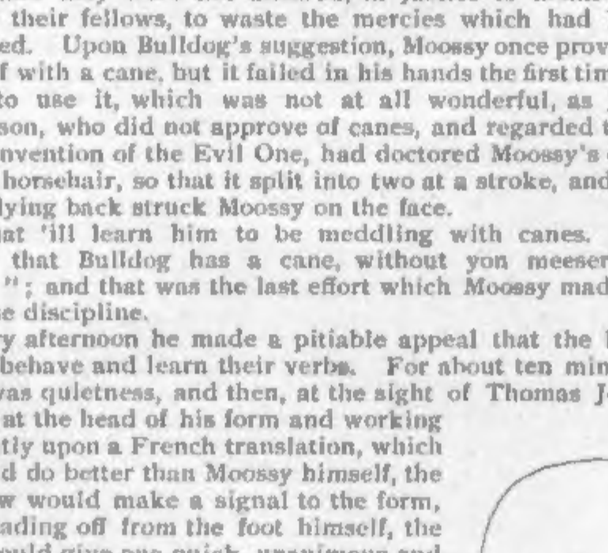
IF THE eyes of an old boy do not light up at the mention of "Moossy," then it is no use his pleading the years which have passed and the great affairs which have filled his life; you know at once that he is an impostor and has never had the privilege of passing through Muirtown Seminary. Upon the genuine boy—fifty years old now, but green at heart—the word is a very talisman, for at the sound of it the worries of life and the years that have gone are forgotten, and the eyes light up and the face relaxes, and the middle-aged man lies back in his chair for the full enjoyment of the past.

It was a rough life in the Seminary, with plain food and strenuous games; with well-worn and well-torn clothes; where little trouble was taken to give interest to your work and little praise awarded when you did it well; where you were bullied by the stronger fellows without redress and thrashed for very little reason; where there were also many coarsenesses which were sickening at the time to any lad with a sense of decency, and which he is glad, if he can, to forget; but, at least, there was one oasis in the wilderness where there was nothing but enjoyment for the boys, and that was the "Department of Modern Languages," over which Moossy was supposed to preside.

Things have changed since Moossy's day, and now there is a graduate of the University of Paris and a fearful martinet to teach your Muirtown French, and a Heidelberg man with several degrees and four sword-cuts on his face to explain to Muirtown the mysteries of the German sentence. Indignant boys, who have heard appetizing tales of the days which are gone, are compelled to "swat" at Continental tongues as if they were serious languages like Latin and Greek, and are actually kept in if they have not done a French verb. They are required to write an account of their holidays in German, and are directed to enlarge their vocabulary by speaking in foreign tongues among themselves. Things have come to such a pass—but I do not believe one word of this—that the modern Sparrow, before he pulls off the modern Dowbiggin's bonnet and flings it into the lade, which still runs as it used to do, will be careful to say "*Erlauben Sie mir*," and that the modern Dowbiggin, before rescuing his bonnet, will turn and inquire with mild surprise, "*Was wollen Sie, mein Freund?*" and precocious lads will delight their parents at the breakfast-table by asking for their daily bread in the language and accent of Paris, because for the moment they have forgotten English.

It is my own firm conviction, and nothing can shake it, that Muirtown lads are just as incapable of explaining their necessary wants in any speech except their own as they were in the days of our fathers, and that if a Seminary boy were landed in Calais to-day he would get his food at the buffet by making signs with his fingers, as his father had done before him and as becomes a young barbarian. He would also take care, as his fathers did, that he should not be cheated in his change nor be put upon by any "Frenchy." Foreign graduates may do their best with Seminary lads—and their kind elsewhere—but they will not find it easy to shape their unruly tongues, for the Briton is fully persuaded in the background of his mind that he belongs to an imperial race and is born to be a ruler; that every man will sooner or later have to speak his language, and that it is undignified to condescend to French. The Briton is pleased to know that foreign nations have some means of communication between themselves—as, indeed, the lower animals have, if you go into the matter—but since the Almighty has put an English (or Scots) tongue in his mouth, it would be flying in the face of Providence not to use it. It is, however, an excellent thing to have the graduates, and the trim class-room, and the tables of the foreign verbs upon the wall, and the conversation-classes—the Sparrow at a conversation-class!—and all the rest of it; but, oh! the days of long ago—and Moossy!

Like our only other foreigner, the Count, Moossy was a nameless man, for although it must have been printed on the board in the vestibule of the school, which had a list of masters and of classes, no one can hint at Moossy's baptismal name, nor even suggest his surname. The name of the Count had been sunk in the nobility which we conferred upon him, and which was the tribute of our respectful admiration, but Moossy was a term of good-humored contempt. We were only Scots lads of a provincial town and knew nothing of the outside world; but yet, with the instincts of a race of Chieftains and Clansmen, we distinguished in our minds between our two foreigners and placed them far apart. No doubt the Count was womanish in his dress, and had fantastic manners, but we knew he was a gallant gentleman; he was *débonnaire*, and counted himself the equal of any one in Muirtown, but Moossy was little better than an abject. He was a little man to begin with, and had made himself smaller by stooping till his head had sunk upon his chest and his shoulders had risen to his ears; his hair fell over the collar of his coat behind, and his ill-dressed beard hid any shirt he wore; his hands and face showed only the slightest acquaintance with soap and water, and although the Sparrow was not always careful in his own personal ablutions, and more than once had been sent down to the lade by Bulldog to wash himself, yet the Sparrow had a healthy contempt for a dirty master. Moossy's clothes, it was believed, had not been renewed since he came to the Seminary, and the cloak which he wore on a winter day was a scandal to the town. His feet were large and flat, and his knees touched as they passed each other, and the Seminary was honestly ashamed at the sight of him



shambling across the North Meadow. He looked so utterly mean, so ill put together, so shabby, so dirty, that the very "Pennies" hooted at him and flung him in our faces. The Rector was also careless of his dress, and mooned along the road, but then everybody knew that he was a mighty scholar, and that if you woke him from his meditation he would answer you in Greek; but even the Sparrow knew that Moossy was not a scholar. The story drifted about through Muirtown, and filtered down to the boys, that he was a bankrupt tradesman who had fled from some little German town and landed in Muirtown, and that because he could speak a little English and a little French, as German tradesmen can, he had been appointed by an undiscriminating Town Council to teach foreign tongues at the Seminary. It is certain he had very little education and no confidence in himself, and so he was ever cringing to the bailies, which did him no injury, for these great men regarded themselves as beings bordering on the supernatural; and he was ever deferring and giving in to the boys, which was the maddest thing that any master could do, and only confirmed every boy in his judgment that Moossy was one of the most miserable of God's creatures.

His classes met in the afternoon, and were regarded as a pleasant relaxation after the labors of the day; and to escape from the government of Bulldog to the genial freedom of Moossy's room proved, as we felt in a vague way, that Providence had a tender heart toward the wants and enjoyments of boys. It goes without saying that no work was done, for there were only half a dozen that had any desire to work, and they were not allowed, in justice to themselves and to their fellows, to waste the mercies which had been provided. Upon Bulldog's suggestion, Moossy once provided himself with a cane, but it failed in his hands the first time he tried to use it, which was not at all wonderful, as Jock Howieson, who did not approve of canes, and regarded them as an invention of the Evil One, had doctored Moossy's cane with a horsehair, so that it split into two at a stroke, and one piece flying back struck Moossy on the face.

"That 'ill learn him to be meddling with canes. It's plenty that Bulldog has a cane, without yon meeserable wretch"; and that was the last effort which Moossy made to exercise discipline.

Every afternoon he made a pitiable appeal that the boys would behave and learn their verbs. For about ten minutes there was quietness, and then, at the sight of Thomas John, sitting at the head of his form and working diligently upon a French translation, which he could do better than Moossy himself, the Sparrow would make a signal to the form, and, leading off from the foot himself, the form would give one quick, unanimous and masterful push, and Thomas John next instant was sitting on the floor; while if, by any possibility, they could land all his books on him as he lay, and baptize him out of his own ink-bottle, the form was happy and called in their friends of other forms to rejoice with them. Moossy, at the noise of Thomas John's falling, would hurry over and inquire the cause that a boy so exemplary and diligent should be sitting on the floor with the remains of his work around him; and as Thomas John knew that it would be worth his life to tell the reason, Moossy and he pretended to regard it as one of the unavoidable accidents of life, and after Thomas John had been restored to his place, and the ink wiped off his clothes, Moossy would exhort the form to quietness and diligence. He knew what had happened, and would have been fit for a lunatic asylum if he had not; and we knew that he knew, and we all despised him for his cowardice. Had there been enough spirit in Moossy to go for Sparrow (just as Bulldog would have done), and thrash him there and then as he sat in his seat, brazen and unashamed, we would all have respected Moossy, and no one more than Sparrow, to whom all fresh exploits would have had a new relish. But Moossy was a broken-spirited man, in whom there was no fight, who held a post he was not fit for, and held it to get a poor living for himself and one who was dearer to him than his own life. So helpless was he, and so timid, that there were times when the boys grew weary of their teasing and disorder, and condescended to repeat a verb in order to pass the time.

When the spring was in their blood—for, like all young animals, they felt its stirring—then there were wonderful scenes in Moossy's class-room. He dared not stand in those days between two forms, with his face to one and his back to the other, because of the elastic catapults and the sharp little paper bullets which, in spite of his long hair, would always find out his ears; and if he turned round to face the battery, the other form promptly unmasked theirs, and between the two he was driven to the end of the room; and then, in his very presence, without a pretense of concealment, the two forms would settle their differences, while, in guttural and uncultured German, Moossy prayed for peace. Times there were, I am sorry to say, when at the sting of the bullet Moossy said bad words, and although they were in German the boys knew that it was swearing, and Sparrow's voice would be loudest in horror.

"Mercy on us, lads! this is awful language to hear in the Seminary! If the Town Council gets word of this there 'ill be a fine stramish; for masel'," Sparrow would conclude piously, "I'm perfectly ashamed." And as that accomplished young gentleman had acquired in the stables a wealth of profanity which was the amazement of the school, his protest had all the more weight. Poor Moossy would apologize for what he had said, and beseech the school neither to say it themselves nor to tell what they had heard; and for days afterward the Sparrow would be warning Thomas John that if he, Sparrow—censor of morals—caught him cursing like Moossy, he would duck him in the lade, and then afterward bring him before the Lord Provost and magistrates.

There was no end to the devices of the Seminary for enjoying themselves and tormenting Moossy; and had it not been for Nestie, who had some reserves of taste, the fun would have been much more curious. As it was, Moossy never knew when he might not light upon a frog, till it seemed as if the class-room for modern languages were the chosen home for the frogs of the district. One morning, when he opened his desk a lively young Scots terrier puppy sprang up to welcome him, and nearly frightened Moossy out of such wits as he possessed. He had learned to open the door of his class-room cautiously, not knowing whether a German dictionary might not be ingeniously poised to fall upon his head. His ink-bottle was curiously attached to his French grammar, so that when he lifted the book the bottle followed it and sent the spray of ink over his person, adding a new distinction of dirtiness to his coat. Boys going up to write on the blackboard, where they never wrote anything but nonsense, would work symbols with light and rapid touch upon the back of Moossy's coat as they returned; and if one after the other, adding to the work of art, could draw what was supposed to be a human face upon Moossy, the class was satisfied it had not lost the hour. There were times when Moossy felt the hand even on the looseness of that foolish coat, and turned suddenly; but there was no shaking the brazen impudence of Muirtown, and Moossy, looking into the stolid and unintelligent expression of Howieson's face, thought that he had been mistaken. If one boy was sent up to do a verb, the form, reading from their books and pronouncing on a principle of their own, would do the verb with him, and continue in a loud and sonorous song till Moossy had to stop them one by one,

—shambling across the North Meadow

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of stories by Ian Maclaren, under the general title, Young Barbarians, which began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 26.

and then they were full of indignation at being hindered in their studies of the German language

Moossy was afraid to complain to the Rector, lest his own incompetence should be exposed and his bread be taken from him; and of this the boys, with the unerring cunning of savages, were perfectly aware, and the torture might have gone on for years had it not been for the intervention of Bulldog. As the French class-room was above the mathematical, any special disturbance could be heard in the quietness below; and, whatever else they did, the students of foreign languages were careful not to invite the attention of Bulldog Indeed, the one check upon the freedom of Moossy's room was the danger of Bulldog's arrival, who was engaged that hour with the little boys and had ample leisure of mind to take note of any special noise above, and for want of occupation was itching to get at old friends like Howieson There are times, however, when even a savage forgets himself and one spring day the saturnalia in Moossy's room reached an historical height It had been discovered that any dislike which Moossy may have had to a puppy in his desk and a frog in his top-cloak pocket, was nothing to the horror with which he regarded mice. As soon as it was known that Moossy would as soon have had a tiger in the French class-room as a mouse upon the loose it was felt that the study of foreign languages should take a new departure. One morning the boys came in with such punctuality, and settled to their work with such demure diligence, that even Moossy was suspicious and watched them anxiously. For ten minutes there was nothing heard but the drone of the class mangling German sentences, and then Howieson cried aloud in consternation, "A mouse!"

"Vat ees you say? Ah! mices! vere?" and Moossy was much shaken

"Yonder," said Sparrow, pointing to where a mouse was just disappearing under the desk; "and there's another at the fireplace. Dod, the place is fair swarming, and, Moossy, there's one trying to run up your leg. Take care, man, for ony sake!"

"A mices," cried Moossy, "will up my legs go; I will the desk ascend!" And with the aid of a chair Moossy scrambled on to his desk, where he entrenched himself against attack, believing at that height he would be safe from "mices."

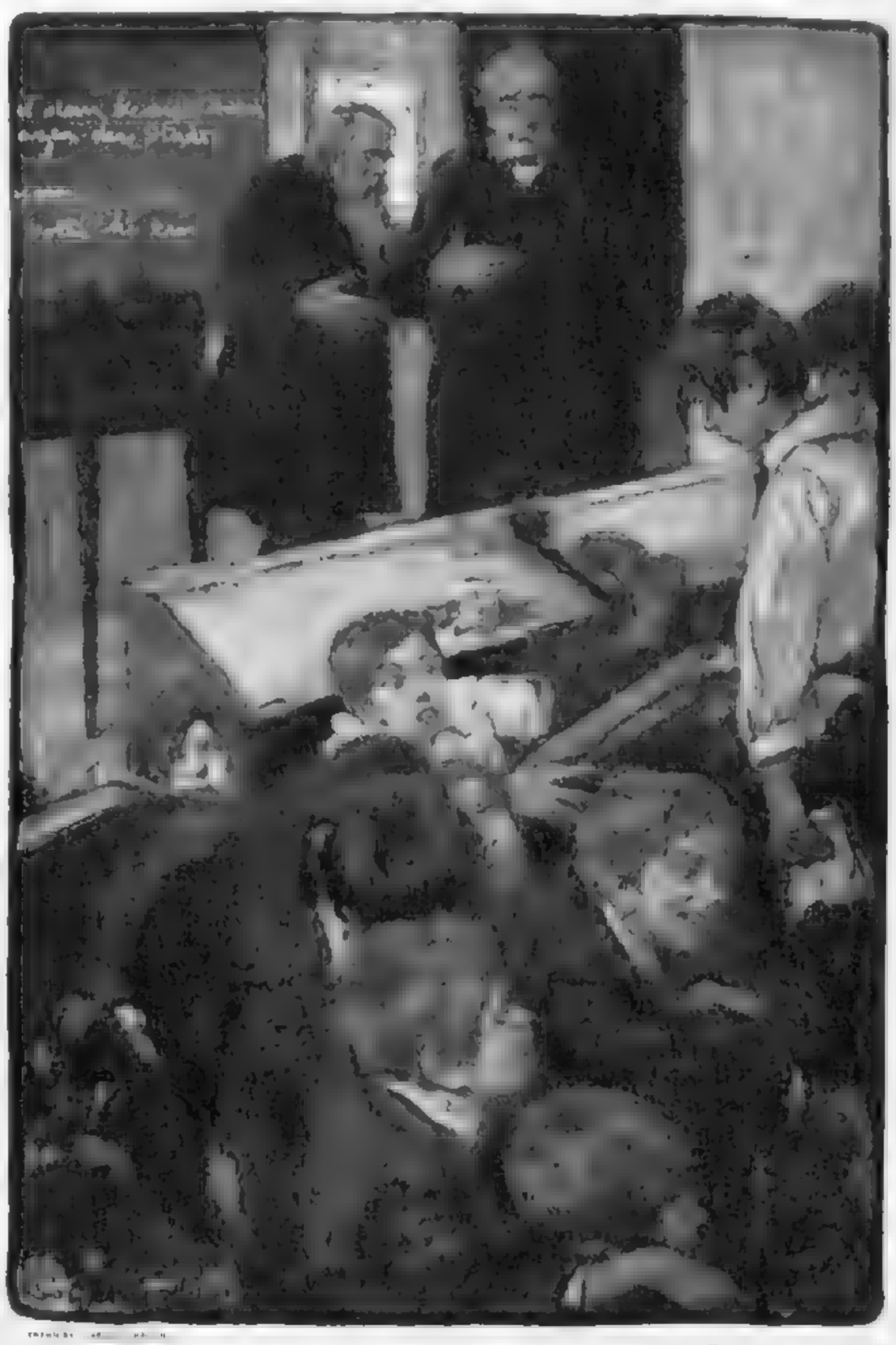
The Sparrow suggested that as this plague of mice had burst upon the French class-room the scholars should meet the calamity like men, and asked Moossy's permission to go out upon the chase. For once Moossy and his pupils had one mind, and the school gave itself to its heart's content, and without a thought of consequences, to a mouse hunt. Nothing is more difficult than to catch a mouse, and the difficulty is doubled when no one wishes to catch it; and so the school fell over benches, and over one another, and jumped over the desks and scrambled under them, ever pretending to have caught a mouse, and really succeeding once in smothering an unfortunate animal beneath the weight of half a dozen boys Thomas John was early smeared with ink from top to bottom by an accident in which Howieson took a leading part, and the German dictionary intended for a mouse happened to take Cosh on the way, which led to an encounter between that indignant youth and Bauldie, in which mice were forgotten. The blackboard was brought down with a crash, and a form was securely planted on its ruins. High above the babel Moossy could be heard crying encouragement, and demanding whether the 'mices" had been caught but nothing would induce him to come down from his fastness. When things were at their highest, and gay spirits like Sparrow were beginning to conclude that even the big snow fight was nothing to a mouse hunt, and Howieson had been so lifted that he had mounted a desk, not to catch a mouse but to give a cheer, and was standing there without collar or tie, dishevelled, triumphant, and raised above all the trials of life, the door opened and Bulldog entered. It was a beautiful tribute to the personality of that excellent man, that the whole room crystallized in an instant, and every one remained motionless, frozen, as it were, in the act

Bulldog looked around with that calm composure which sat so well upon him, taking in Moossy perched upon his desk, Howieson on his form, Sparrow sitting with easy dignity on the top of Thomas John, and half a dozen worthies still tied together in a scrimmage, as if this were a sight to which he was accustomed every day in Muirtown Seminary

"Foreign languages," he began, after a pause of ten seconds, "is evidently a divertin' subject of study, and I wonder that any pupil is left in the department of mathematics. I was not aware, Jock, that ye needed to stand on a form before you could do your German, and I suppose that is the French class in the corner. I'm sorry to intrude, but I'm pleased to see a class in earnest about its work."

"Mices!" remarked Bulldog in icy tones, as poor Moossy came down from his desk and began to explain. "My impression is that you are right, as far as I can judge—and I have some acquaintance with the circumstances—there is a considerable number of mices in this room, a good many more mices than were brought in somebody's pocket this morning. The mices I see were in my class room this morning, and they were very quiet and peaceable mices, and they'll be the same in this class-room after this, or I'll know the reason why. If you'll excuse me," and Bulldog embraced the whole scene in a comprehensive farewell, "I'll leave the foreign class room and go down and see what my laddies are doing with their writing." And when Bulldog closed the door Howieson realized that he owed his escape to Bulldog's respect for another man's class-room, but that the joyful day in modern languages had come to an end There would be no more "mices

Next Saturday afternoon Sparrow and Nestie were out for a ramble in the country, and, turning into a lane where the hedgerows were breaking into green and the primroses were



poor Moossy began to explain

nestling at the roots of the bushes, they came upon a sight which made them pause so that they could only stand and look Down the lane a man was dragging an invalid-chair, a poor and broken thing which had seen its best days thirty years ago. In the chair a woman was sitting, or rather lying, very plainly but comfortably dressed, and carefully wrapped up, whose face showed that she had suffered much, but whose cheeks were responding to the breath of spring. While they halted, the man stopped and went to the bank and plucked a handful of primroses and gave them to the woman; and as he bent over her, holding up the primroses before her eyes, and as they talked together, even the boys saw the grateful pleasure in her eyes. He changed her position in the chair, and then went back to drag it, a heavy weight, down the soft and yielding track; and the boys stood and stared at one another for the man who was caring so gently for this invalid, and toiling so manfully with the lumbering chair, was Moossy

"Cut away, Sparrow," said Nestie; "he w-wouldn't like us to see him. I say, he ain't a bad sort—Moossy—after all Bet you a bottle of g ginger-beer that's Moossy's wife, and that's why he's so poor"

They were leaving the lane when they heard an exclamation, and going back they found that the miserable machine had slipped into the ditch and there stuck fast beyond poor Moossy's power of recovery. With many an "Ach!" and other words, too, he was bewailing the situation and hanging over his invalid, while she seemed to be cheering him and trying if she could so lie in the chair as to lessen the weight upon the lower side, while every minute the wheel sank deeper in the soft earth

"What are you staring at, you idle, worthless young vagabond?" said Nestie to the Sparrow "Come along and give a hand to Moossy," who was so pleased to get some help in the lonely place that he forgot the revealing of his little secret With Sparrow in the shafts, who had the strength of a man in his compact little body, and Moossy pulling on the other side, the couch was soon upon the road again, amid a torrent of gratitude from Moossy and his wife, partly in English, but mostly in German, but all quite plain to the boys, for gratitude is always understood in any language. They came bravely along the lane, Sparrow pulling, Moossy hanging over his wife to make sure she had not been hurt, and Nestie plucking flowers to make up a nosegay in memory of the lane, while Moossy declared them to be "*Zwei herzliche Knaben.*"

When they came to the main road, Sparrow would not give up his work, but brought the carriage bravely to the little cottage, hidden in a garden, where Moossy lodged. When she had been carried in—she was so light that Moossy could lift her himself—she compelled the boys to come in, too, and Moossy made fragrant coffee, and this they had with strange German cakes, which were not half bad, and to which they both did ample justice. Going home, Nestie looked at Sparrow, and Sparrow looked at Nestie, and though no words passed, it was understood that the days of the troubles of Moossy in the Seminary of Muirtown were ended

During the remaining year of Moossy's labors at the Seminary it would not be true to say that he became a good or useful master, for he had neither the knowledge nor the tact, or that the boys were always respectful and did their work, for they were very far removed from being angels; but Moossy did pluck up some spirit, and Sparrow saw that he suffered no grievous wrong. He also took care that Moossy was not left to be his own horse from day to day, but that the stronger varlets of the Seminary should take some exercise in the shafts of Moossy's coach. Howieson was a young gentleman far removed from sentiment, and he gave it carefully to be understood that he only did the thing for a joke; but there is no question that more than once Jock brought Moossy's carriage, with Moossy's wife in it, successfully along that lane and other lanes, and it is a fact that, on a certain Saturday, Sparrow came out with one of his father's traps, and Mistress Moossy, as she was called, was driven far and wide about the country around Muirtown

"You are what the papers call a ph-philanthropist, Sparrow," said Nestie, "and I expect to hear that you are opening an orphan asylum." And Sparrow promptly replied that, if he did, the first person to be admitted would be Nestie, and that he would teach him manners

It was a fortunate thing for Moossy that some one died in Germany and left him a little money, so that he could give up the hopeless drudgery of the Seminary and go home to live in a little house upon the banks of the Rhine. His wife, who had been improving under Doctor Manley's care, began to brisk up at once, and was quite certain of recovery when one afternoon they left Muirtown Station Some dozen boys were there to see them off, and it was Jock and Sparrow who helped Moossy to place her comfortably in the carriage. The gang had pooled their pocket-money that Moossy and his wife might go away laden with such dainties as schoolboys love As the English mail pulled out of Muirtown Station with quickening speed, the boys ran along the platform beside the carriage windows passing in their gifts

"Take care o' mices!" shouted Jock, with agreeable humor, but the last sight Moossy had of Muirtown was Sparrow standing on a luggage barrow and waving farewell.

A Domestic Incumbrance

MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE is as happily gifted in disposition as in literary talents. Not many persons are able to turn the official visitation of the census-taker into a delight, but this is what Mrs. Peattie did. Mr. Peattie, who was attempting to sleep in an adjoining room, heard the intelligent census-taker ask, "Do you own your home?"

This was answered in the affirmative, and then came the question, "Is there any incumbrance on it?"

Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Peattie answered: "None—excepting my husband!"

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The Falling of the Great Wall

"THE dawn comes up like thunder out of China." And it is the thunder that seems to presage the final storm of destruction that will sweep China, as a separate and independent power, out of existence. Its monster wall, which was built when Hannibal was fighting the Romans, has symbolized the Chinese policy in things material and mental and political. But the wall is crumbling

For decades this result has been anticipated. For years it has been looked upon as likely to happen at any time. China has too many enemies, eager to snatch at its territory.

There is a grandeur, a solemnity about the impending dissolution of China that will make it one of the most stupendous events in the history of the world. China antedates all history. The Prophet Isaiah spoke of it as the Land of Sinim. Ptolemy wrote of the Chinese as the Sinae. Before Romulus and Remus were wolf suckled China was gray with age. There was a great empire of yellow-faced, silent men into which Alexander the Great did not attempt to penetrate.

China invented gunpowder and the mariner's compass and the art of printing. Had it wished, it could have furnished powder to the Huns and Vandals who devastated Europe, and it could have put the account of their devastations into print. It could have given Leif Erikson a needle to guide him across the Atlantic. But it hid its discoveries away.

China had its wars, its troubles internal and external, and it finally reached the settled conclusion that true happiness lies in isolation. So with its mighty population it shut itself in behind its wall and the sea, and asked for nothing but to be let alone. It had an elaborate form of government, a civil service system that made it possible for the poorest man in the Empire to reach any rank except that of Emperor; it had a civilization that was curiously advanced; it had a religion that was mainly philosophy

It was no menace to other nations. Its defense to the charge of intolerance was the same as that of our own early Puritans when reproached for severity toward unwelcome people who tried to force themselves into the land.

Nor has China been without advanced ideas of action for the definite benefit of its own people. When it found that the importation and use of opium were working great injury it ordered the importation stopped. It at once found itself at war with the greatest naval power, representing the highest civilization. The result was that opium continued to go in, and that civilization made money. It reminds one of the pitiful attempts made by leading Indian chiefs, in this country, to stop the sale of whiskey among the tribes.

Hand in hand with hatred of foreign entrance into his country goes the Chinaman's love for his own land. When absent from it, his strongest hope is to return. When he dies abroad, other Chinamen see to it that his ashes are returned to his native shores. There is something fine about that.

The heathen Chinee, with his smile so childlike and bland, is within limits a true portrayal, but is far from representing the race, so silent, so sombre, so reticent.

One can almost hear the crumbling of the wall. And when it falls the dust that it raises will be the dust of countless centuries. Spanning the ages, Mirza saw a bridge, with its farther end hidden in mists and storms. Such is China. It bridges all known Time, and storms and clouds have descended upon this its latter end. —ROBERT SHACKLETON.

With the Powers in China it is a question of peace first and the pieces afterward.

On the Newspaper Habit

ALONG with the warnings in regard to germs and other horrible things, which our tough forbears appear to have digested and assimilated without trouble, we sometimes have thrust upon us a sermon on the newspaper habit and its baleful effects. It is no sin to smile over sermons of this character. No one can become an expert newspaper reader without constant practice, and it is this practice which is supposed to constitute the newspaper habit.

The truth is there is no play of the mind more restful and recreative than that in which the expert newspaper reader indulges as he glances up and down the well-filled pages, taking in half a column at a time. The news of the moment rarely claims his attention. It is not interesting, and is never of any importance in his scheme. If he is in the habit of reading a great many newspapers he begins as an Arab does with his writing—at the last page, and reads backward It is a system that includes comfort with dispatch.

He is wary of large headlines, knowing that their loud report is merely the noise of emptiness. He is looking out all the time for old friends and acquaintances, and he frequently meets them in swarms, especially in the matter known as Miscellany, which is made up of paragraphs and articles supposed to convey useful information. This matter, like the November meteors, travels in never-ending circles.

Forty years ago, lacking two, a lad in a country newspaper office wrote a short account of the discovery of a strange animal, and credited it to Otway's Travels in Australia. The lad is now a man with grandchildren, but his crude joke is still young. He saw it not many weeks ago in the columns of an Illinois newspaper. Under how many millions of eyes has the harmless fable passed! And it has thousands of companions in its journeys, including stories, poems, recipes for soap and freckles, queer facts, items of adventure, and columns of "useful information."

One form of the pleasure these old acquaintances afford is the effort the mind makes to remember where they first encountered the eye. They recall happy associations and, not infrequently, tender memories. And they bring again the names of periodicals that flourished more than a generation ago—The Saturday Evening Post, Godey's, DeBow's Review, the Boston True Flag, and Prentice's Louisville Journal.

And there is our old friend, the flying machine, which never is, but always is to be, completed. Discussions and controversies with the hoar of centuries clinging to them spring up in your daily newspaper as fresh as the dew of morning—the tariff, the condition of the working classes, the danger of large accumulations of wealth, the prospects of the poor, and so on and so forth. The oldest and most careful newspaper reader would find it impossible to say how many times the Nation, with a big N, has been in Peril, with a big P. From the days of Washington down to the present, one party or another has always been threatening the Stability of Republican Institutions, or disturbing Our Business Interests, or Arraying the Masses Against the Classes.

No hand-made humor of the present day is as tickling as these swarms of incongruities that pass before the eyes of the newspaper reader. There is a tang and a relish about them which is well calculated to spread and confirm the newspaper habit. —JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The best thing that ever happened for Spain was the Spanish-American War. As for the United States—well, that's another and a continued story.

The Joy of Letting Things Alone

THE joy of letting things alone is not widely appreciated by human beings. They want to put their impress on other beings, and, indeed, to "humanize" Nature in her every aspect. This interference is bad enough when we waste our woods, foul our rivers and spoil our scenery, but it is most lamentable when it takes the form of a love for bloodshed. Hunting is held as one of the manliest and most improving of exercises and recreations. So well-grounded is the faith in man's right to slay what, when and where he will, that laws for the preservation of our animals—we still say "our" animals, though they will none of us—are a matter almost of our own generation.

It is maintained that we have a right to kill such animals as we need for food. Are one tenth of those who fall under the bullet of the gunner needed for that purpose? Of the millions of song birds that have been tumbled from the trees, in the last few years, fluttering, bleeding, broken upon the earth, was a single one killed for the satisfaction of a human appetite? Not one. Of the beaver, mink, otter, marmot and other little creatures that have been swept away by thousands, were any eaten? Surely not. And when game is killed for food, is temperance exercised by the butchers? Seldom Most of us have seen in sporting papers and magazines photographic pictures of men standing proudly beside the carcasses of as many as twenty deer, killed in a single hunt, or inflating themselves over a dozen buffalo, such as used to roam the plains by millions, but which in recent estimates now number only four hundred in all America. We have seen pictures representing these men smiling upon baskets and bunches of rabbits and birds—more victims than a family could eat in a month.

Even among the animals that work for us, that live with us, how seldom is any other care exhibited than is necessary for the continuing of that work! We kick our dogs, we beat our horses, we put our cattle, sheep and poultry into draughty, leaky barns and sheds; we turn our cats out of doors. We look on them as beings apart, born without rights, born without feelings, born without the loves we feel for mates and offspring—hence, to be used despitefully. It is all because of that old, false belief that the earth was made for man. It was made for every creature upon it; it was made for the trees and grass that take happiness in the air and light. If it were for us alone it would be a sad world indeed, to judge from the way we can misuse it.

These small people are like ourselves in body and brain and way of life. If we have evolved to a higher form and more command, are we too selfish to share our advantages, too indifferent to help those others that we say have fallen behind in the race of life? If so, we have not reached the end of our evolution, for there is still a base and cruel strain that needs to be refined away. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Some persons see as much in a stroll through the woods as others do in a trip around the world.

How Care Cheats the Undertaker

THE oldest doctor in England died in the present year If he had lived a few days longer he would have reached a hundred years. The most interesting thing about his career was not any special work that he did, but the fact that he never practiced his profession because of his delicate health. He was one of the many men who expected from early youth to die soon, but through care outlived every early associate. We see the same experience constantly. The thin, sickly looking, apprehensive person, whom no insurance company would accept on appearances, at any price, clings on year after year and becomes a veteran, while the rosy citizen who can eat all day and drink all night and who has no fear of consequences drops off suddenly, and many in the large attendance at the grave express wonder that such a healthy man should die while others so plainly marked for the cemetery are present at his funeral.

Nothing could better show the value of care in the business of living. We seem to know practically everything about disease nowadays, but as Benjamin Franklin remarked, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge." The sickly fellow cheats the years by taking care of himself, while the healthy person has an early funeral because he laughs at food and fate. If the doctor who lived to be nearly a hundred could not practice his profession because he was too delicate, the average patient on whom the doctors do practice ought to pause a while and think. This is undoubtedly an age in which the human body is disorganized and weakened by too many medicines. It is a period of overeating, and a lot of judicious starvation would probably be about the best thing that could happen for the race.

With all the accumulated wisdom of the centuries few men have come to really appreciate the fact that pure air and plenty of it are more important than mere food. At the same time, of course, he need not slight his food, and if he is sensible he will get the best that his purse can buy. Be careful, be cheerful and be comfortable!

"Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

If home were always where the heart is the mints would have to go into the hotel business.

Esthetic Dyspepsia

IF ONE eats much of the fat and drinks much of the sweet, too much, too often, and without due exercise, there appears an avenging devil of dyspepsia—indigestion, loss of appetite, a dull, uneasy, gnawing pain, distress after eating and doubt before, and a carping, critical, suspicious attitude toward honest food. The victim, too weak and irritable to be of use to any one, falls to a most belittling computation of precisely what he can with any safety partake of.

Well do we know that if this wretched food-weigher would turn his consideration from consumption to production, would fall to and work heartily in air and light, there would be given new power to misused organs, and the joy of eating would follow him—as he ceased to follow it

Man, as a social being, finds nutrition in the social products; in the voices of music and the drama, in painting and sculpture and poetry and all literature, in the unending supply of wonders already accumulated in our mechanical inventions and still pouring forth. From a due share in these supplies we derive strength and stimulus to do our part of the splendid work.

To this great banquet come the epicure and the glutton, feasting daintily and with discrimination, feasting indiscriminately and in excess, indulging their "refined taste" to the full, in the best music, painting, acting, sculpture.

They eat and eat and eat; but they do not work, so they develop more delicate and selective appetites, then morbid appetites, irritable and uncertain appetites, no appetite at all—and we have the esthetic dyspeptic.

He walks hungry and dissatisfied in the crowding bloom and fruitage of the world. From the great banquet he will pick one quaint acidulated tartlet and proclaim it the only thing worth eating—to a cultivated taste, or scorn it all, cry for a stale crust, and prate of simpler living.

There is small danger of over-indulgence to one who keeps the stream of energy running outward in steady force. A good worker is a poor critic. He is pleasantly conscious of the working of his hand and brain, and healthfully unconscious of his internal processes.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

A man who lives up to his own advice seldom needs a lawyer.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Ten New Presidential Tickets

The present year has been prolific in Presidential tickets. More of them have been put forward than in any year in the country's history. In 1872 there were eight tickets in the field, five of them being Democratic in name or in some form or other. The parties that have held conventions and made nominations this year are given below

Socialist Labor	Job F. Harriman, of California,	For	President
January 27	Max S. Hayes, of Ohio,	"	Vice-President
Social Democracy	Eugene V. Debs, of Indiana,	"	President
March 6	Job F. Harriman, of California,	"	Vice-President
United Christian	Rev. S. C. Swallow, of Penna.,	"	President
May 1	John G. Woolley, of Illinois,	"	Vice-President
People's Party	William J. Bryan, of Nebraska,	"	President
May 9	Chas. A. Towne, of Minnesota,	"	Vice-President
Middle of the Road	Wharton Barker, of Penna.,	"	President
May 9	Ignatius Donnelly, of Minn.,	"	Vice-President
DeLeon Socialist	Joseph F. Maloney, of Mass.,	"	President
May 23	Valentine Remill, of Penna.,	"	Vice-President
Republican	William McKinley, of Ohio,	"	President
June 19	Theo. Roosevelt, of New York,	"	Vice-President
Prohibition	John G. Woolley, of Illinois,	"	President
June 28	H. B. Metcalf, of Rhode Island,	"	Vice-President
Democratic	William J. Bryan, of Nebraska,	"	President
July 4	Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois,	"	Vice-President
Silver Republicans	William J. Bryan, of Nebraska,	"	President
July 4	No nominee for Vice-President		

Two other parties were talked of—the American Union and the Anti-Imperialists, while the Gold Democrats who had a ticket in 1896 still maintain their organization.

Two Million New Voters this Year

The strength of the different parties and the votes they received four years ago are important in their bearing upon the contest this year. They were as follows:

McKinley and Hobart	Republican	7,104,779
Bryan and Sewell	Democrat	6,349,490
Bryan and Watson	Populist	149,829
Palmer and Buckner	National Democrat	133,434
Levering and Johnson	Prohibitionist	132,007
Matchett and Maguire	National	36,374
Bentley and Southgate	Socialist Labor	13,969

These figures vary somewhat in the different tables, but are approximately correct. It is the claim of the smaller parties that they never get full credit for the votes they poll This is largely due to the fact that the tabulation of election statistics is always hurriedly done and it is impossible to find any two lists that agree, although the variations are seldom serious. Counting the votes Bryan got as candidate on both the Democratic and Populist tickets he received just about 6,500,000. McKinley's plurality over Bryan was a little over 600,000. In the electoral vote McKinley received 271 to Bryan's 176. An almost forgotten fact is that Thomas E Watson received twenty-seven electoral votes for Vice President. There was Democratic fusion with Populists and Silverites in twenty-nine States

In the Presidential election of 1824, the first in which there was a general popular vote on the Presidency and Vice Presidency, the total was less than 356,000. It went beyond a million four years later, but even in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was first elected, it was only 4,676,853 for the four tickets, Lincoln's plurality being 491,195.

In 1892, when Grover Cleveland was elected over Benjamin Harrison, the total vote cast for the five Presidential tickets was 12,059,351. In 1896, when William McKinley was elected over William J. Bryan, the total vote for the seven Presidential tickets was 13,919,872. It is true that the money issue in this campaign brought out an unusually full vote, but, taking the normal growth of population and the large interest which the present campaign invites the vote next fall should show an increase of about two millions, bringing it to about fifteen millions altogether, the greatest suffrage the world has ever known, and equaling in numbers the entire population of the United States in 1835. New election laws in some States, placing qualifications on the suffrage, may decrease the total

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

A Bird's-Eye View of the Conventions

On January 27 the Socialist Labor Party met at Rochester, New York, and nominated Job F. Harriman. On March 6 the Socialist Democratic Party met at Indianapolis and nominated Eugene V. Debs and Job F. Harriman. On May 9 the two branches of the People's Party met—one in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and the other in Cincinnati, Ohio At Sioux Falls the resolutions denounced the colonial policy of the Administration, declared against trusts, favored the ownership of all public utilities, condemned the gold standard and national bank issues, and wanted a Constitutional amendment for the direct election of President, Vice President and United States Senators. The Middle of the Road people asked about the same things, also demanding income taxes and the referendum

The Republicans met in Philadelphia on the nineteenth of June and held one of the most successful conventions in the party's history, the attendance being unusually large. The renomination of Major McKinley was a foregone conclusion, and the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt was brought about by the enthusiasm of the convention. A very long platform was adopted, its main features being the declaration for the gold standard, for expansion, for civil service, for the building of the Isthmian ship canal, for a new Cabinet position on commerce, for the Monroe Doctrine, for suffrage rights in the South, and for laws to prevent monopolies

The Prohibitionists held a lively convention in Chicago the week following the Republican Convention in Philadelphia. The United Christian Party, which had met in May, had nominated Rev. S. C. Swallow for President and John G. Woolley for Vice President, and it was thought that this arrangement might foreshadow the choice of the Prohibitionists. As it was, however, Mr. Woolley won

The Democratic Convention at Kansas City on the Fourth of July was a big affair The great fight was whether or not the 16 to 1 silver proposition should be placed in the platform Just about one-third of the platform is taken up with Imperialism, ending with these words: "We regard it as the paramount issue of the campaign." Then follows a declaration of adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; militarism is denounced; the Democratic Party is pledged to an incessant warfare against trusts; the present tariff law is condemned; the enlargement of the scope of the Inter-State Commerce Law is favored; the currency platform of the Chicago Convention is reaffirmed, "and as a part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation"; the retirement of national bank notes is demanded; a Department of Labor in the Cabinet is recommended: the election of United States Senators by direct vote, liberal pensions, the Nicaragua Canal, statehood for the Territories, irrigation, and the strict enforcement of the Chicago Exclusion Act are all favored There was a strong plank of sympathy for the Boers and a general denunciation of the shipping subsidy bill. The reduction and speedy repeal of the war taxes was promised

Bryan got the unanimous vote of the convention on the second day, and on the third day Stevenson, of Illinois, was unanimously nominated for the second place

Meeting in the same city at the same time were the Silver Republicans. In their convention twenty-two States were represented by 1564 men. This convention nominated Bryan unanimously The desire was that Mr. Towne, who had been nominated by the Populists, should also be nominated by the Democrats, in which case the Silver Republicans would have also placed him on their ticket. Mr Stevenson was chosen, however, by the Democrats The Silver Republicans adjourned without nominating a candidate for the Vice Presidency, leaving the matter in the hands of a committee

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

If Bryan Should Get These Votes

All sorts of things may happen in four years. Conditions change and people sometimes think differently on the same issues. Then, too, even in the most successful Presidential elections there are always close margins. When Cleveland was elected over Blaine a change of six hundred votes in New York State would have reversed the result, and in that contest the Prohibitionists polled in New York alone over twenty five thousand votes

Major McKinley's success four years ago was the most marked in American politics for nearly a quarter of a century. His plurality over Mr. Bryan was upward of six hundred thousand, and the electoral vote stood McKinley 271, Bryan 176. The majorities here seem overwhelming, but in Presidential contests the popular plurality has little to do with the case. Indeed, in several of our elections the winning man has had the plurality against him. The interest of the figures of the last contest rests in the fact that a change of forty-eight electoral votes would have elected Mr. Bryan.

The following table will show how this has been reduced to a closer margin than many people supposed it could be

	Plurality	Electoral Vote
California	3,797	9
West Virginia	11,477	6
Oregon	2,117	4
Indiana	15 181	15
Kentucky	281	12
North Dakota	5,809	1
Totals	40,512	48

California has 9 electoral votes, Kentucky 12. Bryan, in 1896, had 1 electoral vote from each State; hence the figures given above

If 20,257 of the votes had been taken from McKinley and transferred to Bryan the whole election would have been changed and Mr. Bryan would be President to-day; or if the other votes should be the same in the coming election and he should get these 20,257, he will succeed Mr. McKinley

Or if McKinley Should Get These Votes

But it does not do in political calculations to figure exclusively upon one side. Other returns have interest. For instance, Bryan carried the following States by slender pluralities

	Plurality	Electoral Vote
Wyoming	501	3
South Dakota	1[illegible]	4
Tennessee	17,495	12
Kansas	13,769	10
Nebraska	13,576	8
Totals	44,106	37

So if 22,054 of these votes had been transferred from Bryan to McKinley, or if they should be transferred this year with the other States remaining as in 1896, McKinley would get 308 votes in the Electoral College to 130 for Bryan—or considerably more than twice as many as Bryan

These things show the great uncertainties that attend a Presidential election, and when you add two million new votes to the combinations that can be made, the prudent man will wait until the returns are in before being sure of the results. In the meanwhile, each party makes its claims. Mr Bryan declines to concede a single State, and Chairman Hanna declares the Democrats will poll fewer votes than in 1896

The EAGLE'S HEART
By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC

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—his eyes piercing the colored dusk which lay between him and the singer

PART II—CHAPTER ONE

THE YOUNG EAGLE FLUTTERS THE DOVE-COTE

THE little town of Marmion was built on the high, grassy, parklike bank of the Cedar River; at least, the main part of the residences and stores stood on the upper level, while below, beside the roaring water, only a couple of mills and some miserable shacks straggled along a road which ran close to the sheer walls of water-worn limestone

The town was considered "picturesque" by citizens of the smaller farm villages standing bleakly where the prairie lanes intersected. To be able to live in Marmion was held to be eminent good fortune by the people roundabout, and the notion was worth working for. "If things turn out well we will buy a lot in Marmion and build a house there," husbands occasionally said to their wives and daughters to console them for the mud or dirt or heat or cold of the farm life. One by one some of those who had come into the country early, and whose land had grown steadily in value as population increased, were able to rent their farms to advantage and "move into town." Thus the streets gradually lengthened out into the lanes, and brick blocks slowly replaced the battlemented wooden stores of earlier frontier construction.

To Harold Excell, fresh from the wide spaces of the plains, the town appeared smothered in leaves and the air was oppressively stagnant. He came into the railway station early one July morning, tired and dusty from a ride of two days and a night in an ordinary coach. As he walked slowly up the street toward the centre of the sleeping village the odor of ripe grain and the familiar smell of poplar and maple trees went to his heart. His blood leaped with remembered joys. Under such trees, in the midst of such fragrance, he had once walked with his sister and with Jack. His heart swelled with the thought of the Burns farm and the hearty greeting they would give him could he but ride up to the door

And Mary! How would she seem to him now? Four years was a long time at that period of a girl's life, but he was certain he would recognize her. He had not written to her of his coming for he wished to announce himself. There were elements of adventure and surprise in the plan which pleased him. He had not heard from her for nearly a year, and that troubled him a little; perhaps she had moved away or was married. The thought of losing her made him shiver with sudden doubt of the good sense of his action. Anyhow, he would soon know

The clerk of the principal hotel was sleeping on a cot behind the counter and Mose considerately decided not to wake him. Taking a seat by the window, he resumed his thinking, while the morning light infiltrated the sky. He was only twenty-two years of age, but in his own thought he had left boyhood far behind. As a matter of fact he looked to be five years older than he was. His face was set in lines indicating resolution and daring, his drooping moustache hid the boyish curves of his lips, and he carried himself with a singular grace, self confident, decisive, but not assertive. The swing of his shoulders had charm and he walked well The cowboy's painful hobble had not yet been fastened upon him

Sitting there waiting for the dawn his face became tired, sombre almost haggard with self accusing thought. He was not yet a cattle king; he was, in fact, still a cowboy. The time had gone by when a hired hand could easily acquire a bunch of cattle and start in for himself—and yet, though he had little beyond his saddle and a couple of horses, he was in Marmion to look upon the face of the girl who had helped him to keep "square" and clean in a land where dishonesty and vice were common as sage-brush. He had sworn never to set foot in Rock River again, and no one but Jack knew of his visit to Marmion

Now that he was actually in the town where Mary lived, he was puzzled to know how to proceed. He had wit enough to know that in Marmion a girl could not receive visits from a strange young man and escape the fire of infuriate gossip. He feared to expose her to such comment, and yet, having traveled six hundred miles to see her, he was not to be deterred by any other considerations, especially by any affecting himself

He knew something, but not all, of the evil fame his name conveyed to the citizens in his native State. As "Harry Excell, *alias* Black Mose," he had figured in the great newspapers of Chicago, and Denver, and Omaha. Imaginative and secretly admiring young reporters had heaped alliterative words together to characterize his daring, his skill as a marksman and horseman, and had also darkly hinted of his part in desperate stage and railway robbery in the Farther West. To all this—up to the time of his return—Harold had replied, "These chaps must earn a living some way, I reckon." He was said to have shot down six men in his first "scrimmage." "No one presumes to any impertinent inquiries when 'Black Mose' rides into town."

Another enterprising newspaper youth had worked out the secret history of "Black Mose": "He began his career of crime early; at sixteen years of age he served in State's prison for knifing a rival back in the States." This report enabled the Rock River Call to identify Harold Excell with "Black Mose," to the pain and humiliation of Pastor Excell

Harold paid very little heed to all this till his longing to see Mary grew intolerable; even now, waiting for the Sabbath day to dawn, he did not fully realize the black shadow which streamed from his name and his suppositious violences. He divined enough of it to know that he must remain unknown to others, and he registered as "M Harding, Omaha."

He was somewhat startled to find himself without appetite, and, pushing away his tough steak and fried potatoes, he arose and returned to the street. The problem before him required delicacy of handling and he was not one to assume a tactful manner. The closer he came to the meeting the more difficult it became. He must see her without causing comment, and without Jack's aid he saw no way of doing it. He had written to Jack, asking him to meet him, and so he waited.

He was a perilously notable figure in spite of his neat black suit and quiet ways. His wide hat sat upon his head with a negligence which stopped short of swagger, and his coat revealed the splendid lines of his muscular shoulders He had grown to a physical manhood which had the leopard's lithe grace and the lion's gravity. His dimpled and clean-shaven chin was strong and the line of his lips firm. His eyes were steady and penetrating, giving an impression of reticence. His hands were slender and brown and soft in the palms as those of a girl. The citizens marveled over him as he moved slowly through the streets, thinking himself quite indistinguishable among the other young men in dark suits and linen collars

Waiting was most difficult and to remain indoors was impossible, so he walked steadily about the town. As he returned from the river road for the fifth time the bells began to ring for church, filling him with other memories of his youth, of his father and his pulpit, and brought to his mind, also, the sudden recollection of one of Jack's letters wherein he mentioned Mary's singing in the choir. If she were at home she would be singing yet, he argued, and set forth definitely to find her.

To inquire was out of the question—so he started in at the largest church with intent to make the rounds. After waiting till the choir was about to begin the first hymn he slipped in and took a seat near the door, his heart beating loudly and his breath much quickened.

The interior was so familiar it seemed for the moment to be his father's church in Rock River. The odors, sounds, movements were quite the same. The same deaf old men led by determined, sturdy old women were going up the aisle to the front pews The pretty girls taking their seats in the middle pews (where their new hats could be enjoyed by the young men at the rear) became Dot and Alice and Nettie—and for the moment the cowboy was very boyish and tender. The choir assembling above the pulpit made him shiver with emotion. "Perhaps one of them will be Mary, and I won't know her," he said to himself. "I will know her voice," he added

But as the soprano took her place his heart ceased to pound—she was small, and dark, and thin. He arose and slipped out to continue his search.

They were singing as he entered the next chapel, and it required but a moment's listening to convince himself that Mary was not there. The third church was a small stone building of odd structure, and while he hesitated before its door a woman's voice took up a solo strain, powerful, exultant, and so piercingly sweet that the plainsman shivered as if with sudden cold. Around him the softly moving maples threw dappling shadows on the walk. The birds in the orchards, the insects in the grass, the clouds overhead seemed somehow involved in the poetry and joy of that song. The wild heart of the young trailer became like that of a child, made sweet and tender by the sovereign power of a voice

He did not move till the clear melody sank into the harmony of the organ, then with bent head and limbs unwontedly infirm he entered the lovely little audience room. He stumbled into the first seat in the corner, his eyes piercing the colored dusk which lay between him and the singer. It was Mary, and it seemed to him that she had become a princess sitting upon a throne. Accustomed to see only the slatternly women of the cowtowns, or the thin, hard-worked and poorly-dressed wives and daughters of the ranchers, he humbled himself before the beauty, and dignity, and refinement of this young singer.

She was a mature woman, full bosomed, grave of feature, introspective of glance. Her graceful hat, her daintily gloved hands, her tasteful dress, impressed the cowboy with a feeling that all art and poetry and refinement were represented by her. For the moment his own serenity and self-command were shaken. He cowered in his seat like a dust covered plowman in a parlor, and when Mary looked in his direction his breath quickened and he shrank. He was not yet ready to have her recognize him.

The preacher, a handsome and scholarly young fellow, arose to speak, and Harold was interested in him at once. The service had nothing of the old time chant or drawl or drone. In calm, unhesitating speech the young man proceeded, from a text of Hebrew scripture, to argue points of right and wrong among men, and to urge upon his congregation right thinking and right action. He used a great many of the technical phrases of carpenters and stonemasons and sailors. He showed familiarity also with the phrases of the cattle-country. Several times a low laugh rippled over his congregation as he uttered some peculiarly apt phrase or made use of some witty illustration. To the cowboy this sort of preaching came with surprise. He thought: "The boys would kieto to this chap all right." He was not eager to have them listen to Mary's singing.

Sitting there amid the little audience of thoughtful people, his brain filled with new conceptions of the world and of human life. Nothing was clearly defined in the tumult of opposing pictures. At one moment he thought of his sister and his family, but before he could imagine her home or decide on how to see her, a picture of his father or Jack or the peaceful Burns farm came whirling like another cloud before his brain, and all the time his eyes searched Mary's calm and beautiful face. He saw her smile, too, when the preacher made a telling application of a story. How would she receive him after so many years? She had not answered

Ultimately they took seats and looked at each other narrowly and quietly. Then Harold said, "I'm Mr Harding here"

his last letter; perhaps she was married. Again the chilly wind from the cañon of doubt blew upon him. If she was, why that ended it. He would go back to the mountains and never return

The minister finished at last, and Mary arose again to sing. She was taller, Harold perceived, and more matronly in all ways. As she sang, the lonely soul of the plainsman was moved to an ecstasy which filled his throat and made his eyes misty with tears. He thought of his days in the gray prison and of this girlish voice singing like an angel to comfort him. She did not seem to be singing to him now. She sang as a bird sings out of abounding health and happiness, and as she sang the mountains retreated into vast distances. The rush of the cattle on the drive was fainter than the sigh of the wind, and the fluting of the Ute lover was of another world. For the moment he felt the majesty and the irrevocableness of human life

He stood in a shadowed corner at the close of the service and watched her come down the aisle. As she drew near his breath left him, and the desire to lay his hand on her arm became so intense that his fingers locked upon the back of his pew—but he let her pass. She glanced at him casually, then turned to smile at some word of the preacher walking just behind her. Her passing was like music and the fragrance of her garments was sweeter than any mountain flower. The grace of her walk and the exquisite fairness of her skin subdued him, who acknowledged no master and no mistress. She walked on out into the Sabbath sunshine, and he followed only to see her turn up the sidewalk close to the shoulder of the handsome young minister.

The lonely youth walked back to his hotel with manner so changed his mountain companions would have marveled at it. A visit which had seemed so simple on the Arickaree became each moment more complicated in civilization. The refined young minister with the brown pointed beard, so kindly and thoughtful and wholesome of manner, was a new sort of man to such as Harold Excell. He feared no rivalry among the youth of the village, but this scholar

Jack met him at the hotel—faithful old Jack, whose freckled face beamed, and whose spectacled eyes were dim with gladness. They shook hands again and again, crying out confused phrases. "Old man, how are you?" "I'm all right, how are you?" "You look it." "Where'd you find the red whiskers?" "They came in a box." "Your mustache is a wonder."

Ultimately they took seats and looked at each other narrowly and quietly. Then Harold said, "I'm Mr. Harding here."

Jack replied: "I understand. Your father knows, too. He wants to come up and see you. I said I'd wire; shall I?"

"Of course—if he wants to see me—but I want to talk to you first. I've seen—Mary!"

"Have you? How did you manage?"

"I trailed her. Went to all the churches in town. She sings in a little stone church over here."

"I know. I've been up here to see her once or twice myself."

Harold seized him by the arm. "See here, Jack—I must talk with her. How can I manage it without doing her harm?"

"That's the question. If these people should connect you with 'Black Mose' they'd form a procession behind you. Harry, you don't know, you can't imagine the stories they've got up about you. They've made you into a regular Oklahoma 'Billy the Kid' and train-robber. The first great spread was that fight you had at Running Bear; that got into the Omaha papers in three solid columns about six months after it happened. Of course I knew all about it from your letters—no one had laid it to you then, but now everybody knows you are 'Black Mose,' and if you should be recognized you couldn't see Mary without doing her an awful lot of harm. You must be careful."

"I know all that," replied Harold gloomily. "But you must arrange for me to see her right away, this afternoon or to-night."

"I'll manage it. They know me here, and I can call on her and take a friend, an old classmate, you see, without attracting much attention—but it isn't safe for you to stay here long; somebody is dead-sure to identify you. They've had two or three pictures of you going around that really looked like you, and then your father coming up may let the secret out. We must be careful. I'll call on Mary immediately after dinner and tell her you are here."

"Is she married? Some way she seemed like a married woman."

"No, she's not married, but the young preacher you heard this morning is after her, they say, and he's a mighty nice chap."

There was no more laughter on the gentle, red-bearded face of young Burns. Had Harold glanced at him sharply at that moment he would have seen a tremor in Jack's lips and a singular shadow in his eyes. His voice indeed did affect Harold, though he took it to be sympathetic sadness only

Jack brightened up suddenly. "I can't really believe it is you, Harry. You've grown so big and burly, and you look so old." He smiled. "I wish I could see some of that shooting they all tell about, but that *would* let the cat out."

Harold could not be drawn off to discuss such matters.

The voice was stronger, sweeter, and the phrasing was more mature, but it was after all the same song ringing through the prison gloom, straight to his heart

"Come out to the ranch and I'll show you. But how are we to meet father? If he is seen talking with me it may start people off——"

"I'll tell you. We'll have him come up and join you on the train and go down to Rock River with you. I don't mean for you to get off; you can keep right on. Now, you mustn't wear that broad hat; wear a grape-box straw hat while you're here. Take mine and I'll wear a cap.'

He took charge of Harold's affairs with ready and tactful hand. He was eager to hear his story, but Harold refused to talk on any other subject than Mary. At dinner he sat in gloomy silence, disregarding his friend's pleasant, low voiced gossip concerning old friends in Rock River.

After Jack left the hotel Harold went to his room and took a look at himself in the glass. He was concerned to see what manner of man he really was. He was not well-satisfied with himself; his face and hands were too brown and leathery, and when he thought of his failure as a rancher his brow darkened. He was as far from being a cattle king as when he wrote that boyish letter four years before, and he had sense enough to know that a girl of Mary's grace and charm does not lack for suitors. "Probably she is engaged," he thought. Life seemed a confusion and weariness at the moment

As soon as he heard Jack on the stairs he hurried to meet him

"What luck? Have you seen her?"

Jack closed the door before replying, 'Yes.'

'What did she say?"

"She turned a little paler and just sat still for a minute or two. You know she isn't much of a talker. Then she said, 'Was he at church to-day?' I said 'Yes'; then she said, 'I think I saw him. I saw a stranger and was attracted by his face, but of course I never thought it could be Harold.' She was completely helpless for a while, but as I talked she began to see her way. She finally said, 'He has come a long way and I must see him. I *must* talk with him, but people must not know who he is.' I told her we were going to be very careful for her sake."

"That's right, we must," Harold interrupted

"She didn't seem scared about herself. 'It won't harm me,' she said, 'but father is hard to manage when anything displeases him. We must be careful on Harold's account

Harold's throat again contracted with emotion. "She never thinks of herself; that's her way

'Now we've just got to go boldly up the walk, the two of us together, and call on her. I'll introduce you to her father, or she will; he knows me. We will talk about our schooldays while the old gentleman is around. He will drift away after a time, naturally. If he doesn't I'll take him out for a walk."

This they did. Made less of a cowboy by Jack's straw hat, Harold went forth on a trail whose course was not well-defined in his mind, though now that Jack had arranged details so deftly that Mary was not in danger of being put to shame, his native courage and resolution came back to him. In the full springtide of his powerful manhood Mary's name and face had come at last to stand for everything worth having in the world, and like a bold gambler he was staking all he had on a single whirl of the wheel

Their meeting was so self contained that only a close observer could have detected the tension. Mary was no more given to externalizing her emotions than he. She met him with a pale, sweet, dignified mask of face. She put out her hand and said, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Harding," but his eyes burned down into hers with such intensity that she turned to escape his glance. "Father, you know Mr. Burns, and this is his friend, Mr. Harding, whom I used to know."

Jack came gallantly to the rescue. He talked crops, politics, weather, church affairs and mining. He chattered and laughed in a way which would have amazed Harold had he not been much preoccupied. He was unprepared for the change in Mary. He had carried her in his mind all these years as a little slip of a maiden, rapt in expression, sombre of mood, something half angel and half child, and always she walked in a gray half-light, never in the sun. Now here she faced him, a dignified woman with deep, serene eyes, and he could not comprehend how the pale girl had become the magnetic, self-contained woman. He was thrown into doubt and confusion, but so far from showing this he sat in absolute silence, gazing at her with eyes which made her shiver

Talk was purposeless and commonplace at first; a painful waiting. Suddenly they missed Jack and the father. They were alone and free to speak their most important words. Harold seized upon the opportunity with most disconcerting directness

"I've come for you, Mary," he said, as if he had not hitherto uttered a word, and his voice aroused some mysterious vibration within her bosom. "I'm not a cattle king; I have nothing but two horses, a couple of guns and a saddle—but all the same, here I am. I got lonesome for you, and at last I took the back trail to find out whether you had forgot me or not

His pause seemed to require an answer, and her lips were dry as she said in a low voice. "No, I did not forget, but I thought you had forgotten *me*

'A man don't forget such a girl as you are, Mary. You were in my mind all the time. Your singing did more for me than anything else. I've tried to keep out of trouble for your sake. I haven't succeeded very well, as you know—but most of the stories about me are lies. I've only had two fights and they were both in self defense, and I don't think I killed anybody. I never know exactly what I'm doing when I *get* into a scrap. But I've kept out of the way of it on your account. I never go after a man. It's pretty hard not to

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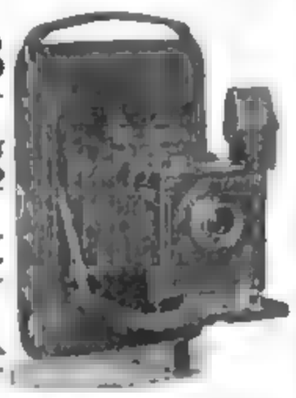

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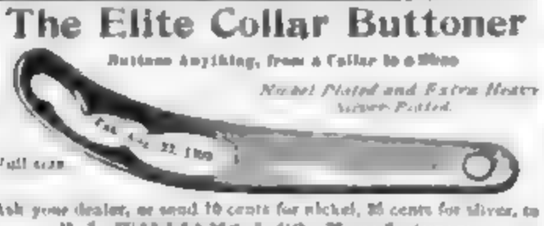

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shoot out there where men go on the rampage so often. It's easier now than it used to be, for they are afraid of me."

He seemed to come to a halt in that direction and after a moment's pause took a new start. "I saw you at church to-day and I saw you walk off with the minister, and that gave me a sudden jolt. It seemed to me you—liked him mighty well

"I could see he was the man for you, not me. Right there I felt like quitting. I went back to my hotel doing more thinking to the square minute than ever before in my life, I reckon. I ought to have pulled out for the mountains right then, but, you see, I had caught a glimpse of you again, and I couldn't."

He began to walk up and down just before her, his brows moodily knitted. "I'm not fit to ask a girl like you to marry me, I know that. I've served time in jail and I'm under indictment by the courts this very minute in two States. I'm no good on earth but to rope cattle. I can't bring myself to farm or sell goods back here, and if I could you oughtn't to have anything to do with me—but all the same you're worth more to me than anything else. I don't suppose there has been an hour of my life since I met you first that I haven't thought of you. I dreamed of you—when I'm riding at night—I try to think——"

He stopped abruptly and caught up her left hand. "You've got a ring on your finger; is that from the minister?"

Her eyes fled from his and she said, "Yes."

He dropped her hand. "I don't blame you any. I've made a failure of it." His tone was that of a bankrupt at fifty. "I don't know enough to write a letter; I'm only a rough, tough fool. I thought you'd be thinking of me just the way I was thinking of you, and there was nothing to write about because I wasn't getting ahead as I expected. So I kept waiting till something turned up to encourage me. Nothing did, and now I'm paid for it."

When at last she began to speak she hesitated and her sentences were broken. "I am very sorry—but, you see, I had not heard from you for a long time—it would be impossible—for me to live on the plains so far away—even if—even if I had not promised Mr. King——"

"Well, that ends it," he said harshly, and his voice brought tears again. "I go back to my cow punching, the only business I know. As you say, the cow country is no place for a girl like you. It's a mighty hard place for women of any kind, and you . . . Besides, you're a singer; you can't afford to go with me. It's all a part of my luck. Things have gone against me from the start."

He paused to get a secure hold on his voice. "Well, now, I'm going, but I don't want you to forget me; don't pray for me, just *sing* for me. I'll hear you, and it'll help keep me out of mischief. Will you do that?"

"Yes—if you—if it will help——"

"Won't you sing for us, Mary?" asked Jack a few minutes later

Mary looked at Harold significantly and arose to comply. Harold sat with head propped on his palm and eyes fixed immovably upon her face while she sang If I Were a Voice. The voice was stronger, sweeter, and the phrasing was more mature, but it was after all the same soul singing through the prison gloom, straight to his heart. She charged the words with a special, intimate, tender meaning. She conveyed to him the message she dared not speak, "Be true in spite of all. My heart is sore for you; let me comfort you."

He, on his part, realized that one who could sing like that had a wider mission in the world than to accompany a cowboy to the bleak plains of the West.

When she had finished he arose and offered his hand with a singular calmness which moved the girl more deeply than any word he had said. "When you sing that song think of me, sometimes, will you?"

"Yes—always," she replied.

"Good-by," he said abruptly. Dropping her hand, he went out without speaking another word.

"May I see you again before we go?" Jack asked.

Her eyes lighted a little and her hand tightened in his. "Yes—I want to speak with you," she said; and ended in a whisper, "about him."

Jack overtook Harold, but remained silent. When they reached their room Harold dropped into a chair like one exhausted.

"This ends it, Jack; I'll never set foot in the States again; from this time on I keep to the mountains."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Gas Machine

(*Concluded from Page 6*)

Miss Andrews blushed red, and trembled. "Nothing but a ——— swindle! I see, I see." Stover's tones grew louder. He burst into the front room. "See here, Andrews, where's that five hundred I gave you?"

Andrews pointed mutely to the new model. "Don't tell me that you put all that money in that rotten gas-pipe, gold brick thing," he cried excitedly.

"I think you had better come with me," Jackson whispered to the girl, who stood beside him. "Stover is a foul mouthed beast. There's no good——"

"No," the girl shook her head. "I'll stay with——"

"If you will hold on a minute," interposed Andrews steadily, "I will explain——"

"Oh, I don't want any of your explanations," the big man bellowed. "I see it all now; a nice little confidence game. Got your daughter——"

"Oh! Oh!" Miss Andrews choked. Then she closed her eyes and bit her lips tightly for a moment.

"Don't say that," Andrews exclaimed, drawing the man into the front of the shop. "I know you're disappointed, but there are some things——"

Jackson followed them. Miss Andrews could see him speaking to Stover in a low voice. He seemed to succeed in quieting him. Finally Stover buttoned up his big driving-coat with a last remark, "Well, you can have it for two fifty. I was enough of a fool——"

"Not one cent less than five hundred, thank you. I will send you a check to-morrow."

With that Stover opened the door. Miss Andrews saw his face as he sneeringly bowed to Jackson. It made her gasp again.

"He's a pretty bad tempered man," Jackson was saying to Andrews. "Now, don't mind him. If you want to go ahead, let me take some——"

"No, papa, don't," Miss Andrews exclaimed, drawing near them. "Oh! don't, you mustn't."

"Why?" Jackson began.

"This is a business affair," Andrews replied with something of his old sprightliness.

"No, it isn't," the girl insisted. "Not one bit. You know," she turned swiftly on Jackson, "you know this is throwing your money away."

"I know," Jackson replied, looking at the girl steadily. "I know that I am glad to put every cent I have into the gas machine so long as your father needs it." The girl's eyes fell.

"Let's ask Blowitz what he thinks of that fellow's opinion," Andrews suggested, turning toward the rear. But Blowitz had "stepped out," Terwit explained. The secretary and treasurer was dejectedly handling old pieces of pipe, valves, etc. The flames in the fixture on the bench were winking weakly. Finally one after another went out with an exhausted flicker. The gas had given out.

In the front of the shop, Jackson was talking earnestly; Miss Andrews shook her head.

"No, not another day. Poor papa has got to learn that the grapes will always be just out of reach—and I—I've such lots to do." She tried to smile. "Come, papa," she called, "lock up. Teddy wants us to dine with him, not to celebrate exactly——" Her voice broke.

Andrews answered without looking around. "Well, I want to do some things here. Take a turn in the park and I'll join you."

As they sauntered into the park, Miss Andrews remarked:

"What brilliant sunshine! There's no need for gas here!" But a few tears fell over her lids and rolled down her cheek.

"It's an infernal disappointment," Jackson began.

"No, it isn't that, Teddy. But—do you know what he said *was* so—I had——"

"Don't bother about it now," Jackson interrupted. "Please don't. I know——"

"You knew all along?" she glanced at him through her tears. "What fools we——"

"Don't put it that way," the young man urged. "Mr. Andrews will come out all right, and——"

They were gone a good while, and when they strolled up Stony Island Avenue to the New Republic Works, they found the door bolted, the shades down, and Andrews waiting for them on the sidewalk.

"You will come with us," Miss Andrews said, kissing him.

"I guess so," Andrews replied vaguely, with the springless voice of an old man.

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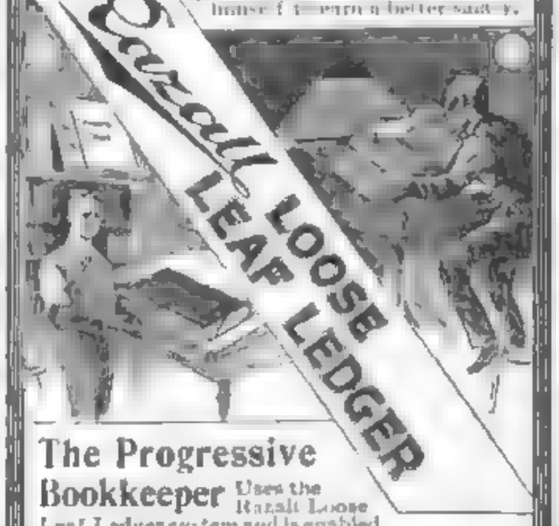

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

TO HAVE the assurance that novel writers deliberately consult the predilections of the hour, and write stories to suit popular appetites, as designers make calico patterns, would indeed be a dark literary portent. Perhaps some really brilliant author like Anthony Hope first creates the demand and then unconscious imitators follow, who feed in a measure this new demand.

It is not possible to speak with certainty, but once in a while one is forcibly struck with curious tendencies in recent fiction. Is it fanciful to have discovered of late a revived interest in the pomp and circumstance of monarchical government? The neomediævalism of The Prisoner of Zenda and its immediate successors had a peculiar fascination—and the glamour seems still to hover over more recent stories. It is not the romanticism of yesterday, of Scott, or even of Stevenson—unless, perhaps, in his Prince Otto—but of to-day, which charms. Even we Americans, tired very likely of our virtuous but eventless democracy, have a relish for principalities and powers. It is only a few years since Stevenson made delightful mockery, in his New Arabian Nights, of the sacred personality of the princely roustabout, but to no avail. Speaking commercially, there seems to be a brisk opening this year in the summer and autumn novel trade for Princes and Princesses. People who ride in dusty cars and sit on verandas or steamer decks like to read about the toils and griefs which beset lofty personages whose names are not in the Almanack de Gotha—though it seems as if they must be.

The Princess Sophia, by Mr. Benson; Feo, by Max Pemberton, and The Conspirators, by Mr. Chambers, are quite recent additions to the literature of the monarchical cult.

The Principality of Rhodopé, over which the Princess Sophia ruled but yesterday, is as probable as the Princess is human. There certainly must be a hole in that map of Europe on which you shall fail to find it. This princess had an aptitude for government and gaming, but she neglected the one and pursued the other to her own ruin, for she is now safely quarantined with other adventurous pests at Monte Carlo. Her two virtues of courage and frankness, and a modicum of personal charm, did not compensate for her essential commonness and selfishness. It was beyond Mr. Benson's cleverness to make this coarse, pleasure-loving and irresponsible creature fascinating. There is mockery in the confused way in which he burlesques her as a woman, and yet clings to a faith in her obligations as a ruler by divine right.

The Princess married an amiable booby, Prince Petros, and after a time bore a child, who was destined to tilt his mother off her throne. The young prince inherited from her the arts of statecraft and gaming, but his head was stronger than his instincts, and poor Sophia had to abdicate. Years before this event she had, in a rather stunning way, caught her husband and the Prime Minister in the act of trying to subvert her government. On this occasion a lively sense of humor, which should, by the way, have redeemed her from the stupidity of roulette, kept her from being disagreeable, though Petros had to march like a discharged coachman. Sophia played and ruled on until she had changed a virtuous peasantry into a herd of gamesters.

Every story, even the meanest, stands for something, but the significance of this one utterly escapes me. It is too long for a mere pleasantry. Is it that a clever woman is cleverer than a stupid man? Even Mr. Benson would not be so cynical as to write a whole book to say that.

How to Woo a Prince

If you really want to marry a Prince, you must try very hard not to—this, I think, is the lesson for the young, deftly and gradually exposed as in a Scripture roll throughout the pages of Féo, a light and flitting tale of the love of the son of an Austrian Archduke and a singer without artifice or fear in her stout little heart. Reasons of state—ah! those reasons of state so unconvincing to us Yankees—made it proper for the archducal sire to bribe the girl's father, a selfish, ease-loving descendant of noble French blood, to dog the Prince's steps with stagey villains, and to entrap Féo in the wiles of an intriguer who would have been clever had not the girl, mainly because she had the aplomb of rectitude, been ever so much cleverer than he. It is easy enough to decoy a good girl by telling lies to her, for she doesn't know the trick, but when she gets nervy and jumps out of a moving express train, the resources of an ordinary scamp like Captain Lemberg are overtaxed. Fertility in plot seems natural to the Austrian of romance, and the Prince plays a strong hand at manœuvre himself.

Accident brings the Archduke and his charming quarry together on the field of honor, at the moment when the Prince and the Captain are shooting pistols at each other with harmful intent. Both the father and the girl loved the youth, but, like Lovelace, they loved honor more, and so it fell out that Féo's silence, when she saw her lover in deadly peril, accomplished more than her passion, pure as it was. If there is a thing which men—even archdukes—most like in women it is "sand"—and Féo had whole beaches of that moral commodity. The Archduke happened by chance to be a gentleman, and so it was he and not Féo who had to make concession to keep her from running away from her life happiness.

It all ended with a grand reception in Vienna, the Prince ecstatic, his father benignant, her father comfortably remote, and Féo tremendously impressed with her "triumph"; it was, after all, no greater than the triumph of any woman who loves and is loved. A nice, white little story, without a touch of meanness or grandeur.

A Gay Conspiracy

Mr. Chambers has struck a new note in fiction—several new notes in fact, and enough to produce inharmonious sensations in the centres where good taste is supposed to reside. He has committed *lèse-majesté* against the sacred person of the one living ruler who thinks he was made on purpose. Perhaps the offense would have been greater had William the Sudden been drawn with more fidelity. In spite, however, of the burlesque, he is unmistakable. It was a bolder and less defensible thing to make a heroine of Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, secretly and at last triumphantly in love with a royal prince of Germany. He who tells the story, and tells it gayly, is sent to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg as military attaché of the United States Legation, there to play his part in straightening out complications which are arising between the United States and Germany. The waters of diplomacy at Luxembourg are at boiling point, and the attaché falls into the caldron at once. There are no particular conspirators—everybody takes a hand. The attaché signalizes his arrival on the field of intrigue by discharging his revolver into a compartment of the train which he has just left. Had he hit anything, it would have been the Prince Edric, who was in hot but honorable chase after the supposed peasant girl with whom he was infatuated, to the great wrath of his father, the Sudden One. The American, promptly imprisoned, as the wrong man, kisses between the bars of his cell a Duchess, also as the wrong man. This fills her, when she knows, with mortal and therefore not undying rage, which turns to love.

Mr. Chambers is a clear-cut and ingenious narrator, but among his modern devices of amusing us there is a small residuum of mental old junk. He has prepossessions in favor of the tradition that women are shrewder in intrigue than are men. It is so much more interesting to discard the comparative when the positive serves the purpose. There is rustiness also in the notion that when a man loves a sprightly woman he is bound to put up with conduct from her which would be promptly avenged, even with blows, did it proceed from another man. Of course it is based on the supercilious theory that if the man endures the woman's caprices he will win in the long run. I do not see why in fiction a female bully is more charming than a male bully. If there isn't a stimulating thought in The Conspirators, neither is there a dull one. All is light, gay and wholesome, if we can pass by the offense of arranging the private lives of great personages still living. "Cheeky" is the comprehensive term for this freedom, but alas! how readable!

—*Lindsay Swift.*

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The Dividends of Industrial Reforms

By Charles M. Skinner

ENCOURAGEMENT of neighborhood activities is a paying investment for an employer, not only because such beneficences make his own shop safer, but because they train an efficient working force for his future needs. The company that operates a woolen mill in a village can afford to contribute to the local library, to the gymnasium, to the lyceum, to the improvement society and the school. These are institutions that make for sobriety, decency and industrial competence. They diminish idling and vice; they reduce expenses for police and fire departments, courts, almshouses, hospitals and jails; they keep young people off the street corners and send them to their work, when the time comes, with abler hands and keener brains; they make the whole community more respected, more productive, more self-sustaining and more happy. As a moral factor a teacher is worth ten policemen, and a library and reading-room will reduce the number of candidates for the penitentiary. Evil places do not thrive in righteous surroundings.

As a type of the factory of the future, recognition is deserved by the cash register works at Dayton, Ohio. The fame of this place is already somewhat extended, but as the wide reforms there inaugurated have, within two or three years, affected more than a hundred industrial centres, it may be well to review them. The change from old to new methods dates from the return of a large shipment of registers, every one of them marked imperfect. The imperfect result betokened imperfect work. It set the officers of the concern to thinking. The work was imperfect because the mechanic did not care, so long as he got through with it and drew his wages. Item first was, therefore, an offer of prizes for suggestions as to the improvement of the machine. This resulted in a new interest, and the suggestions proved to be of so practical a character that, through their adoption, the machine has been strengthened and cheapened fifty per cent. Next, the workers were put on their honor by the abolition of the usual offices of boss, foreman and superintendent, the affairs of the shop being managed by a committee chosen partly from among the men themselves.

House in South Park, Dayton, O., near the cash register factory

In order that every man might know what he was doing and how his work related to the whole, lectures and explanatory exhibitions were given in what has since become the assembly hall and Sunday-school room of the factory, and lessons in methods and economy were enforced by means of cartoons and photographic lantern slides. A later improvement was in the measures taken for the cleanliness of property and people. A corps of "white wings," like the street cleaners of New York, now patrols the buildings, sweeping, mopping and scouring; even the machine shops are as clean as the average city store, while sunlight comes through the tall and numerous windows without the customary softening of dirt. Baths are found on every floor and the employees are required to leave their work washed and in street dress. All are allowed to bathe once a week (twice, in the foundry) in working hours, and as often as they please in their own time.

The women who work for the Cash Register Company are especially fortunate. Their hours are shorter than those of the men. They arrive later and leave earlier, that there may be no crowding at the doors, or on the walks, or in the street cars. No girl stands at her task. She has a high-backed chair with iron foot-rest attached and a footstool besides. The rooms in which she works are as clean as brooms and soap can make them; there are flowers in the windows, flags, prints and bits of color on the walls, and vines twined about the columns. In the morning she has a ten-minute recess and the same in the afternoon.

At noon she takes her lunch basket and repairs to the top floor of "machinery hall," but if she has forgotten the basket it matters little, for the company supplies, free, to every woman in its employ, a noon meal, light, yet nourishing, with tea, coffee and milk. The girls take turns in waiting on one another and the luncheons are served on round tables covered with pure white linen and decorated in the centre with flowers, ferns or palms. After luncheon the remainder of the noon hour can be passed in chat, in the cozy corners that have been arranged with hangings and cushions, in piano playing, singing or dancing, in the reading of papers and magazines, or in a nap in the "rest room."

There are attached to the factory thirty-two societies, social, musical and educational, including a sick-fund association and a Sunday-school; for the children of the employees and of the vicinage there is a "house of usefulness," with a sewing class, kindergarten, military corps and penny bank; classes in cooking and domestic economy have been started for the girls, and there is a free library for everybody.

The kindly activities that have so brightened the lives of the workers, and have put their industry and content in contrast with the usual heartless fulfillment of routine duties, are not confined to the works, either. Through the offer of prizes to house owners in the neighborhood, and the free provision of seeds and bulbs, the shabbiest quarter of the town has become the prettiest, and the homes, though unassuming, are delightful in their dresses of vines and flowers and their borders of lawn and garden. The boys, too, have been persuaded to take an interest in farming, through the free use of land belonging to the company, the free supply of seed and roots and the award of prizes. Lectures, readings, concerts, picnics and conventions in which the business of the company is freely discussed by employers and employed are among the events that create good-fellowship and bind the working force into a family; and still other advantages are in contemplation. Is it any wonder that an ideal corps of mechanics has been secured here, that saloons have fled the precincts, that beauty has supplanted ugliness, and that rowdyism and disorder are at a minimum?

Instances of a similar kind might be multiplied a hundred fold. The largest bicycle factory in America has provided a cost price lunch, smoking and reading rooms, a library, lockers and ample washing facilities for its men. In the immense steel works in South Chicago one finds a surprisingly complete hospital, with forty beds and a staff of surgeons, nurses and cooks, which is maintained without charge for the use of unfortunate operatives. The plate glass trust manages a sick benefit fund for its men and their families, and when one of them leaves he receives a gift of money equal to two and one-half per cent. of all he has earned in its service. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has retired its elderly servants on pensions, and supports a hospital for the exclusive use of its employees.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has provided six social halls and reading-rooms with pianos and billiard tables for its conductors and motormen; it supplies hot coffee, free, to them in cold weather, and during an ineffective strike the faithful were provided with meals from the best hotel in the city, and lived better than many people who earned five times their wage. A few years ago it also gave $10,000 in prizes to those employees who showed the best records at the

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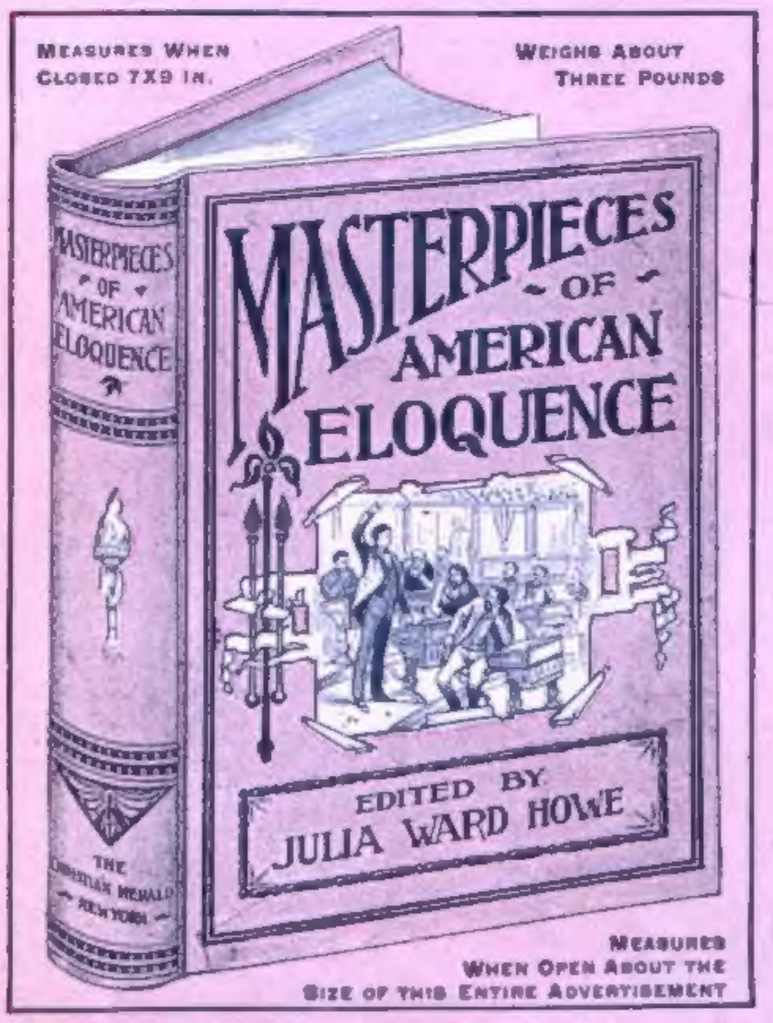
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